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WITH CARTOON.



THE BAZAAR AT CAIRO.

FROM A PAINTING BY J. L. GEROME.

THE LADY OF THE ICE.*

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB ABROAD," "CORD AND CREESE," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—I FLY BACK, AND SEND THE DOCTOR TO THE RESCUE.—RETURN TO THE SPOT.—FLIGHT OF THE BIRD.—PERPLEXITY, ASTONISHMENT, WONDER, AND DESPAIR.—"PAS UN MOT, MONSIEUR!"

A LONG time passed, and I waited in great anxiety. Meanwhile, I had changed my clothes, and sat by the fire robed in the picturesque costume of a French *habitant*, while my own saturated garments were drying elsewhere. I tried to find out if there was a doctor anywhere in the neighborhood, but learned that there was none nearer than Quebec. The people were such dolts, that I determined to set out myself for the city, and either send a doctor or fetch one. After immense trouble, I succeeded in getting a horse; and, just before starting, I was encouraged by hearing that the lady had recovered from her swoon, and was much better, though somewhat feverish.

It was a wild journey.

The storm was still raging; the road was abominable, and was all one glare of frozen sleet, which had covered it with a slippery surface, except where there arose disintegrated ice-hummocks and heaps of slush—the *débris* of giant drifts. Moreover, it was as dark as Egypt. My progress, therefore, was slow. A boy went with me as far as the main road, and, after seeing me under way, he left me to my own devices. The horse was very aged, and, I fear, a little rheumatic. Besides, I have reason to believe that he was blind. That did not make any particular difference, though; for the darkness was so intense, that eyes were as useless as they would be to the eyeless fishes of the Mammoth Cave. I don't intend to prolong my description of this midnight ride. Suffice it to say that the horse walked all the way, and, although it was midnight when I started, it was near morning when I reached my quarters.

I hurried at once to the doctor, and, to his intense disgust, roused him and implored his services. I made it a personal matter, and put it in such an affecting light, that he consented to go; but he assured me that it was the greatest sacrifice to friendship that he had ever made in his life. I gave him the most explicit directions, and did not leave him till I saw him on horseback, and trotting, half asleep, down the street.

Then I went to my room, completely used up after such unparalleled exertions. I got a roaring fire made, established myself on my sofa immediately in front of it, and sought to restore my exhausted frame by hot potations. My intention was to rest for a while, till I felt thoroughly warmed, and then start for Montmorency to see about the lady. With this in my mind, and a pipe in my mouth, and a tumbler of toddy at my elbow, I reclined on my deep, soft, old-fashioned, and luxurious sofa; and, thus situated, I fell off before I knew it into an exceedingly profound sleep.

When I awoke, it was broad day. I started up, looked at my watch, and, to my horror, found that it was half-past twelve. In a short time, I had flung off my *habitant* clothes, dressed myself, got my own horse, and galloped off as fast as possible.

I was deeply vexed at myself for sleeping so long; but I found comfort in the thought that the doctor had gone on before. The storm had gone down, and the sky was clear. The sun was shining brightly. The roads were abominable, but not so bad as they had been, and my progress was rapid. So I went on at a rattling pace, not sparing my horse, and occupying my mind with thoughts of the lady whom I had saved, when suddenly, about three miles from Quebec, I saw a familiar figure advancing toward me.

It was the doctor!

He moved along slowly, and, as I drew nearer, I saw that he looked very much worn out, very peevish, and very discontented.

"Well, old man," said I, "how did you find her?"

"Find her?" growled the doctor—"I didn't find her at all. If this is a hoax," he continued, "all I can say, Macrorie, is this, that it's a devilish stupid one."

"A hoax? What—didn't find her?" I gasped.

"Find her? Of course not. There's no such a person. Why, I could not even find the house."

"What—do you mean? I—I don't understand—" I faltered.

"Why," said the doctor, who saw my deep distress and disappointment, "I mean simply this: I've been riding about this infernal country all day, been to Montmorency, called at fifty houses, and couldn't find anybody that knew any thing at all about any lady whatever."

At this, my consternation was so great that I couldn't say one single word. This news almost took my breath away. The doctor looked sternly at me for some time, and then was about to move on.

This roused me.

"What!" I cried; "you're not thinking of going back?"

"Back? Of course, I am," said the very thing I'm going to do."

"For God's sake, doctor," I cried, earnestly, "don't go just yet! I tell you, the lady is there, and her condition is a most perilous one. I told you before how I saved her. I left there at midnight, last night, in spite of my fatigue, and travelled all night to get you. I promised her that you would be there early this morning. It's now nearly two in the afternoon. Good Heavens! doctor, you won't leave a fellow in such a fix?"

"Macrorie," said the doctor, "I'm half dead with fatigue. I did it for your sake, and I wouldn't have done it for another soul—no, not even for Jack Randolph. So be considerate, my boy."

"Doctor," I cried, earnestly, "it's a case of life and death!"

A long altercation now followed; but the end of it was that the doctor yielded, and, in spite of his fatigue, turned back, grumbling and growling.

So we rode back together—the doctor, groaning and making peevish remarks; I, oblivious of all this, and careless of my friend's discomfort. My mind was full of visions of the lady—the fair unknown. I was exceedingly anxious and troubled at the thought that all this time she had been alone, without any medical assistance. I pictured her to myself as sinking rapidly into fever and delirium. Stimulated by all these thoughts, I hurried on, while the doctor with difficulty followed. At length, we arrived within half a mile of the Falls; but I could not see any signs of the house which I wished to find, or of the road that led to it. I looked into all the roads that led to the river; but none seemed like that one which I had traversed.

The doctor grew every moment more vexed.

"Look here now, Macrorie," said he, at last—"I'll go no farther—no, not a step. I'm used up. I'll go into the nearest house, and wait."

Saying this, he turned abruptly, and went to a house that was close by.

I then dismounted, went to the upper bank of the Montmorency, where it joins the St. Lawrence below the Falls, and looked down.

The ice was all out. The place which yesterday had been the scene of my struggle for life was now one vast sheet of dark-blue water. As I looked at it, an involuntary shudder passed through me; for now I saw the full peril of my situation.

Looking along the river, I saw the place where I must have landed, and on the top of the steep bank I saw a house which seemed to be the one where I had found refuge. Upon this, I went back, and, getting the doctor, we went across the fields to this house. I knocked eagerly at the door. It was opened, and in the person of the *Ambulant* before me I recognized my host of the evening before.

"How is madame?" I asked, hurriedly and anxiously.

"Madame?"

"Yes, madame—the lady, you know."

"Madame? She is not here."

"Not here!" I cried.

"Non, monsieur."

"Not here? What! Not here?" I cried again. "But she must be here. Didn't I bring her here last night?"

"Certainly, monsieur; but she's gone home."

At this, there burst from the doctor a peal of laughter—so loud, so long, so savage, and so brutal, that I forgot in a moment all that he had been doing for my sake, and felt an almost irresistible inclination to punch his head. Only I didn't; and, perhaps, it was just as well. The sudden inclination passed, and there remained nothing but an overwhelming sense of disappointment, by which I was

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crushed for a few minutes, while still the doctor's mocking laughter sounded in my ears.

"How was it?" I asked, at length—"how did she get off? When I left, she was in a fever, and wanted a doctor."

"After you left, monsieur, she slept, and awoke, toward morning, very much better. She dressed, and then wanted us to get a conveyance to take her to Quebec. We told her that you had gone for a doctor, and that she had better wait. But this, she said, was impossible. She would not think of it. She had to go to Quebec as soon as possible, and entreated us to find some conveyance. So we found a wagon at a neighbor's, threw some straw in it and some skins over it, and she went away."

"She went!" I repeated, in an imbecile way.

"Oui, monsieur."

"And didn't she leave any word?"

"Monsieur?"

"Didn't she leave any message for—for me?"

"Non, monsieur."

"Not a word?" I asked, mournfully and despairingly.

The reply of the *habitant* was a crushing one:

"*Pas un mot, monsieur!*"

The doctor burst into a shriek of sardonic laughter.

CHAPTER IX.—BY ONE'S OWN FIRESIDE.—THE COMFORTS OF A BACHELOR.—CHEWING THE CUD OF SWEET AND BITTER FANCY.—A DISCOVERY FULL OF MORTIFICATION AND EMBARRASSMENT.—JACK RANDOLPH AGAIN.—NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

By six o'clock in the evening I was back in my room again. The doctor had chafed me so villainously all the way back that my disappointment and mortification had vanished, and had given place to a feeling of resentment. I felt that I had been ill-treated. After saving a girl's life, to be dropped so quietly and so completely, was more than flesh and blood could stand. And then there was that confounded doctor. He fairly revelled in my situation, and forgot all about his fatigue. However, before I left him, I extorted from him a promise to say nothing about it, swearing if he didn't I'd sell out and quit the service. This promise he gave, with the remark that he would reserve the subject for his own special use.

Once within my own room, I made myself comfortable in my own quiet way, viz.:

1. A roaring, red-hot fire.
2. Curtains close drawn.
3. Sofa pulled up beside said fire.
4. Table beside sofa.
5. Hot water.
6. Whiskey.
7. Tobacco.
8. Pipes.
9. Fragrant aromatic steam.
10. Sugar.
11. Tumblers.

12. Various other things not necessary to mention, all of which contributed to throw over my perturbed spirit a certain divine calm.

Under such circumstances, while every moment brought forward some new sense of rest and tranquillity, my mind wandered back in a kind of lazy reverie over the events of the past two days.

Once more I wandered over the crumbling ice; once more I floundered through the deep pools of water; once more I halted in front of that perilous ice-ridge, with my back to the driving storm and my eyes searching anxiously for a way of progress. The frowning cliff, with its flag floating out stiff in the tempest, the dim shore opposite, the dark horizon, the low moan of the river as it struggled against its icy burden, all these came back again. Then, through all this, I rushed forward, scrambling over the ice-ridge, reaching the opposite plain to hurry forward to the shore. Then came the rushing sleigh, the recoiling horse, the swift retreat, the mad race along the brink of the icy edge, the terrible plunge into the deep, dark water. Then came the wild, half-human shriek of the drowning horse, and the sleigh with its despairing freight drifting down toward me. Through all this there broke forth amid the clouds of that reverie, the vision of that pale, agonized face, with its white lips and imploring eyes—the face of her whom I had saved.

So I had saved her, had I? Yes, there was no doubt of that. Never would I lose the memory of that unparalleled journey to Montmorency Fall, as I toiled on, dragging with me that frail, fainting, despairing companion. I had sustained her; I had cheered her; I had stimulated her; and, finally, at that supreme moment, when she fell down in sight of the goal, I had put forth the last vestige of my own strength in bearing her to a place of safety.

And so she had left me.

Left me—without a word—without a hint—without the remotest sign of any thing like recognition, not to speak of gratitude!

Pas un mot!

Should I ever see her again?

This question, which was very natural under the circumstances, caused me to make an effort to recall the features of my late companion. Strange to say, my effort was not particularly successful. A white, agonized face was all that I remembered, and afterward a white, senseless face, belonging to a prostrate figure, which I was trying to raise. This was all. What that face might look like in repose, I found it impossible to conjecture.

And now here was a ridiculous and mortifying fact. I found myself haunted by this white face and these despairing eyes, yet for the life of me I could not reduce that face to a natural expression so as to learn what it might look like in common life. Should I know her again if I met her? I could not say. Would she know me? I could not answer that. Should I ever be able to find her? How could I tell?

Baffled and utterly at a loss what to do toward getting the identity of the subject of my thoughts, I wandered off into various moods. First I became cynical, but, as I was altogether too comfortable to be morose, my cynicism was of a good-natured character. Then I made merry over my own mishaps and misadventures. Then I reflected, in a lofty, philosophic frame of mind, upon the faithlessness of woman, and, passing from this into metaphysics, I soon boozed off into a gentle, a peaceful, and a very consoling doze. When I awoke, it was morning, and I concluded to go to bed.

On the morrow, at no matter what o'clock, I had just finished breakfast, when I heard a well-known footstep, and Jack Randolph burst in upon me in his usual style.

"Well, old chap," he cried, "where the mischief have you been for the last two days, and what have you been doing with yourself? I heard that you got back from Point Levi—though how the deuce you did it I can't imagine—and that you'd gone off on horseback nobody knew where. I've been here fifty times since I saw you last. Tell you what, Macrorie, it wasn't fair to me to give me the slip this way, when you knew my delicate position, and all that. I can't spare you for a single day. I need your advice. Look here, old fellow, I've got a letter."

And saying this, Jack drew a letter from his pocket, with a grave face, and opened it.

So taken up was Jack with his own affairs, that he did not think of inquiring into the reasons of my prolonged absence. For my part, I listened to him in a dreamy way, and, when he drew out the letter, it was only with a strong effort that I was able to conjecture what it might be. So much had passed since I had seen him, that our last conversation had become very dim and indistinct in my memory.

"Oh," said I, at last, as I began to recall the past, "the letter—h'm—ah—the—the widow. Oh, yes, I understand."

Jack looked at me in surprise.

"The widow?" said he. "Pooh, man! what are you talking about? Are you crazy? This is from *Aer*—from Miss—that is—from the other one, you know."

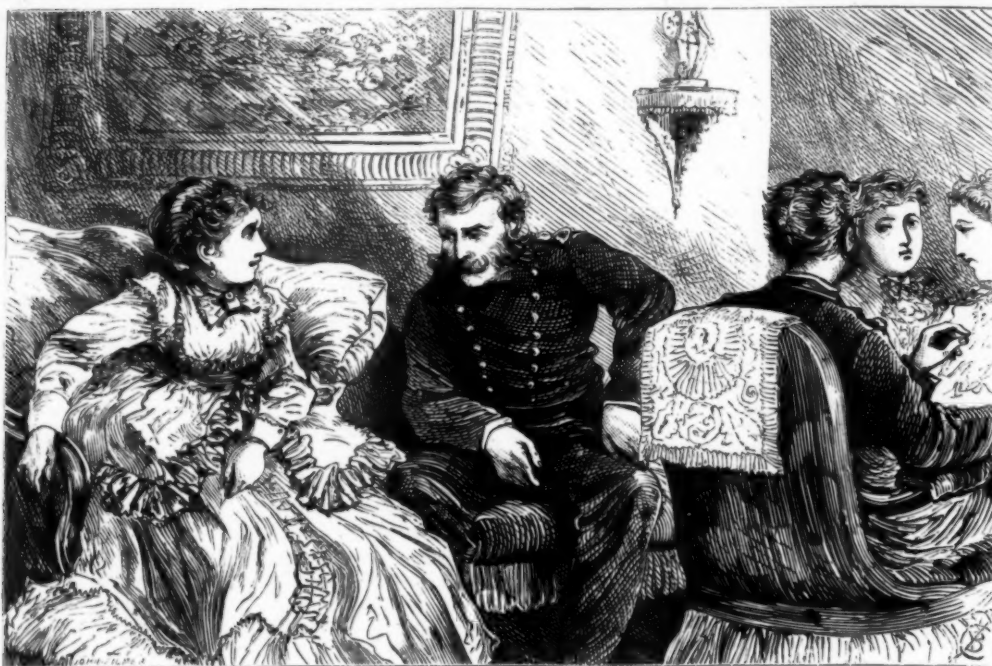
"Oh, yes," said I, confusedly. "True—I remember. Oh, yes—Miss Phillips."

"Miss Phillips!" cried Jack. "Hang it, man, what's the matter with you to-day? Haven't I told you all about it? Didn't I tell you what I wouldn't breathe to another soul—that is, excepting two or three?—and now, when I come to you at the crisis of my fate, you forget all about it."

"Nonsense!" said I. "The fact is, I went to bed very late, and am scarcely awake yet. Go on, old boy, I'm all right. Well, what does she say?"

"I'll be hanged if you know what you're talking about," said Jack, pettishly.

"Nonsense! I'm all right now; go on."



AT "BERTON'S."

"You don't know who this letter is from."

"Yes, I do."

"Who is it?" said Jack, watching me with jealous scrutiny.

"Why," said I, "it's that other one—the—hang it! I don't know her name, so I'll call her Number Three, or Number Four, whichever you like."

"You're a cool hand, any way," said Jack, sulkily. "Is this the way you take a matter of life and death?"

"Life and death?" I repeated.

"Life and death!" said Jack. "Yes, life and death. Why, see here, Macrorie, I'll be hanged if I don't believe that you've forgotten every word I told you about my scrape. If that's the case, all I can say is, that I'm not the man to force my confidences where they are so very unimportant."

And Jack made a move toward the door.

"Stop, Jack," said I. "The fact is, I've been queer for a couple of days. I had a beastly time on the river. Talk about life and death! Why, man, it was the narrowest scratch with me you ever saw. I didn't go to Point Levi at all."

"The deuce you didn't!"

"No; I pulled up at Montmorency."

"The deuce you did! How's that?"

"Oh, never mind; I'll tell you some other time. At any rate, if I seem dazed or confused, don't notice it. I'm coming round. I'll only say this, that I've lost a little of my memory, and am glad I didn't lose my life. But go on. I'm up to it now, Jack. You wrote to Number Three, proposing to elope, and were staking your existence on her answer. You wished me to order a head-stone for you at Anderson's, four feet by eighteen inches, with nothing on it but the name and date, and not a word about the virtues, et cetera. There, you see, my memory is all right at last. And now, old boy, what does she say? When did you get it?"

"I got it this morning," said Jack. "It was a long delay. She is always prompt. Something must have happened to delay her. I was getting quite wild, and would have put an end to myself if it hadn't been for Louie. And then, you know, the widow's getting to be a bit of a bore. Look here—what do you think of my selling out, buying a farm in Minnesota, and taking little Louie there?"

"What!" I cried. "Look here, Jack, whatever you do, don't, for Heaven's sake, get poor little Louie entangled in your affairs."

"Oh, don't you fret," said Jack, dolefully. "No fear about her. She's all right, so far.—But, see here, there's the letter."

And saying this, he tossed over to me the letter from "Number Three," and, filling a pipe, began smoking vigorously.

The letter was a singular one. It was highly romantic, and full of devotion. The writer, however, declined to accept of Jack's proposition. She pleaded her father; she couldn't leave him. She implored Jack to wait, and finally subscribed herself his till death. But the name which she signed was "Stella," and nothing more; and this being evidently a pet name or a *nom de plume*, threw no light whatever upon her real personality.

"Well," said Jack, after I had read it over about nine times, "what do you think of that?"

"It gives you some reprieve, at any rate," said I.

"Reprieve?" said Jack. "I don't think it's the sort of letter that a girl should write to a man who told her that he was going to blow his brains out on her doorstep. It doesn't seem to be altogether the right sort of thing under the circumstances."

"Why, confound it, man, isn't this the very letter that you wanted to get? You didn't really want to run away with her? You said so yourself."

"Oh, that's all right; but a fellow likes to be appreciated."

"So, after all, you wanted her to elope with you?"

"Well, not that, exactly. At the same time, I didn't want a point-blank refusal."

"You ought to be glad she showed so much sense. It's all the better for you. It is an additional help to you in your difficulties."

"I don't see how it helps me," said Jack, in a kind of growl. "I don't see why she refused to run off with a fellow."

Now such was the perversity of Jack that he actually felt ill-natured about this letter, although it was the very thing that he knew was best for him. He was certainly relieved from one of his many difficulties, but at the same time he was vexed and mortified at this rejection of his proposal. And he dwelt upon his disappointment until at length he brought himself to believe that "Number Three's" letter was something like a personal slight, if not an insult.

He dropped in again toward evening.

"Macrorie," said he, "there's one place where I always find sympathy. What do you say, old fellow, to going this evening to—"

CHAPTER X.—"BERTON'S?—BEST PLACE IN THE TOWN.—GIRLS ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE A FELLOW.—PLENTY OF CHAT, AND LOTS OF FUN.—NO END OF LARKS, YOU KNOW, AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING."

IN order to get rid of my vexation, mortification, humiliation, and general aggravation, I allowed Jack to persuade me to go that evening to Colonel Berton's. Not that it needed much persuasion. On the contrary, it was a favorite resort of mine. Both of us were greatly addicted to dropping in upon that hospitable and fascinating household. The girls were among the most lively and genial good fellows that girls could ever be. Old Berton had retired from the army with enough fortune of his own to live in good style, and his girls had it all their own way. They were essentially of the military order. They had all been brought up, so to speak, in the army, and their world did not extend beyond it. There were three of them—Laura, the eldest, beautiful, intelligent, and accomplished, with a strong leaning toward Ritualism; Nina, innocent, childish, and kitten-like; and Louie, the universal favorite, absurd, whimsical, fantastic, a desperate tease, and as pretty and graceful as it is possible for any girl to be. An aunt did the maternal for them, kept house, chaperoned, duennaed, and generally overlooked them. The colonel himself was a fine specimen of the *vieux militaire*. He loved to talk of the life which he had left behind, and fight his battles over again, and all his thoughts were in the army. But the girls were, of course, the one attraction in his hospitable house. The best of it was, they were all so accustomed to homage, that even the most desperate attentions left them heart-whole, in maiden meditation, fancy free. No danger of overflowed sentiment with them. No danger of blighted affections or broken hearts. No nonsense there, my boy. All fair, and pleasant, and open, and above-board, you know. Clear, honest eyes, that looked frankly into yours; fresh, youthful faces; lithe, elastic figures; merry laughs; sweet smiles; soft, kindly voices, and all that sort of thing. In short, three as kind, gentle, honest, sound, pure, and healthy hearts as ever beat.

The very atmosphere of this delightful house was soothing, and the presence of these congenial spirits brought a balm to each of us, which healed our wounded hearts. In five minutes Jack was far away out of sight of all his troubles—and in five minutes more I had forgotten all about my late adventure, and the sorrows that had resulted from it.

After a time, Jack gravitated toward Louie, leaving me with Laura, talking mediævalism. Louie was evidently taking Jack to task, and very energetically too. Fragments of their conversation reached my ears from time to time. She had heard something about Mrs. Finimore, but what it was, and whether she believed it or not, could not be perceived from what she said. Jack fought her off skillfully, and, at last, she made an attack from another quarter.

"Oh, Captain Randolph," said she, "what a delightful addition we're going to have to our Quebec society!"

"Ah!" said Jack, "what is that?"

"How very innocent! Just as if you are not the one who is most concerned."

"I?"

"Of course. You. Next to me."

"I don't understand."

"Come, now, Captain Randolph, how very ridiculous to pretend to be so ignorant!"

"Ignorant?" said Jack; "ignorant is not the word. I am in Egyptian darkness, I assure you."

"Egyptian darkness—Egyptian nonsense! Will it help you any if I tell you her name?"

"Her name! Whose name? What 'her'?"

Louie laughed long and merrily.

"Well," said she, at length, "for pure, perfect, utter, childlike innocence, commend me to Captain Randolph! And now, sir," she resumed, "will you answer me one question?"

"Certainly—or one hundred thousand."

"Well, what do you think of Miss Phillips?"

"I think she is a very delightful person," said Jack, fluently—"the most delightful I have ever met with, present company excepted."

"That is to be understood, of course; but what do you think of her coming to live here?"

"Coming to live here!"

"Yes, coming to live here," repeated Louie, playfully imitating the tone of evident consternation with which Jack spoke.

"What! Miss Phillips?"

"Yes, Miss Phillips."

"Here?"

"Certainly."

"Not here in Quebec?"

"Yes, here in Quebec—but I must say that you have missed your calling in life. Why do you not go to New York and make your fortune as an actor? You must take part in our private theatricals the next time we have any."

"I assure you," said Jack, "I never was so astonished in my life."

"How well you counterfeited!" said Louie; "never mind. Allow me to congratulate you. We'll overlook the little piece of acting, and regard rather the delightful fact. Joined once more—ne'er to part—hand to hand—heart to heart—memories sweet—ne'er to fade—all my own—fairest maid! And then your delicious remembrances of Sissiboo."

"Sissiboo?" gasped Jack.

"Sissiboo," repeated Louie, with admirable gravity. "Her birth-place, and hence a sacred spot. She used to be called 'the maid of Sissiboo.' But, in choosing a place to live in, let me warn you against Sissiboo. Take some other place. You've been all over New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Take Petitcodiac, or Washe Aemoak, or Shubenacadie, or Memramcook, or Rechebucto, or Chiputnecticook, or the Kennebecasis Valley. At the same time, I have my preferences for Piserineo, or Quaco."

At all this, Jack seemed for a time completely overwhelmed, and sat listening to Louie with a sort of imbecile smile. Her allusion to Miss Phillips evidently troubled him, and, as to her coming to Quebec, he did not know what to say. Louie twitted him for some time longer, but at length he got her away into a corner, where he began a conversation in a low but very earnest tone, which, however, was sufficiently audible to make his remarks understood by all in the room.

And what was he saying?

He was disclaiming all intentions with regard to Miss Phillips.

And Louie was listening quietly!

Perhaps believing him!!

The scamp!!!

And now I noticed that Jack's unhappy tendency to—well, to *conciliate ladies*—was in full swing.

Didn't I see him, then and there, slyly try to take poor little Louie's hand, utterly forgetful of the disastrous result of a former attempt on what he believed to be that same hand? Didn't I see Louie civilly draw it away, and move her chair farther off from his? Didn't I see him flush up and begin to utter apologies? Didn't I hear Louie begin to talk of operas, and things in general; and soon after, didn't I see her rise and come over to Laura, and Nina, and me, as we were playing dummy? Methinks I did. Oh, Louie! Oh, Jack! Is she destined to be Number Four! or, good Heavens! Number Forty? Why, the man's mad! He engages himself to every girl he sees!

Home again.

Jack was full of Louie.

"Such fun! such life! Did you ever see any thing like her?"

"But the widow, Jack?"

"Hang the widow!"

"Miss Phillips?"

"Bother Miss Phillips!"

"And Number Three?"

Jack's face grew sombre, and he was silent for a time. At length a sudden thought seized him.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I got a letter to-day, which I haven't opened. Excuse me a moment, old chap."

So saying, he pulled a letter from his pocket, opened it, and read it. He told me the contents.

It was from Miss Phillips, and she told her dearest Jack that her father was about moving to Quebec to live.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STORY OF COINCIDENCES.

I.

YES, sir, truth is stranger than fiction! Things *do* happen in real life of a more extraordinary and improbable character than are evolved from the fancy of the most ingenious novelist.

When I hear persons, referring to the last sensation romance, ex-

claim, "Foh! it is unnatural, impossible, absurd!" I say, I beg your pardon, it's not so impossible, for example, as the Traupmann murder; not so unnatural as the Byron-Stowe scandal; not so absurd as the Dean-Boker marriage; and yet all these are facts. No, sir or madam, as the case may be, fiction cannot surpass fact in the wonderful, the horrible, the inexplicable, or the apparently supernatural. Give me an instance of the power of invention in these respects, and I'll match it with a still more extraordinary reality.

Why, if you come to that, take the case of my own marriage. I do not hesitate to assert that the coincidences which led to, accompanied, and followed my marriage, were more remarkable than any set of fictitious occurrences of the sort that I ever read. And when you hear them I feel very sure you will agree with me.

To begin, then, my name is Joseph Walker; it was Joseph Walker, Jr., until the death of my excellent father, which sad event happened just six months after my birth; however, this is not important; nor, perhaps, is the fact that I lost my mother while I was still a small boy, and was brought up by an uncle.

It is of some importance, though, that I should mention the fact of this uncle's being in the wholesale wine and liquor trade, and of his bringing me up to the business, with a view to ultimate partnership and succession, for it was as his partner that I went on a collecting tour through the West and South, in the fall of 186-, and it was during this tour that I happened to be on board the steamboat *Telegraph No. 2*, when she blew up, just above Louisville, and— But I am getting on too fast. Let me relate the facts in the simplest, most methodical way, for they certainly need no trick of style or language to add to their extraordinary character.

Well, then, in October, 186-, I was travelling up the Ohio River in the steamboat *Telegraph No. 2*, on my way to Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia, in each of which cities I had business to transact.

I was not very well, having suffered for some days from a severe nervous headache, and had kept to my stateroom pretty constantly till we passed Louisville, when, feeling better, I went out to the forward part of the boat to enjoy the crisp evening breeze and smoke a mild cigar.

I had not consumed more than half the weed, and was beginning to think that nicotine, in no matter how mild a form, was not the best cure for neuralgia, when a horrible din, like the simultaneous firing of a battery, instantly followed by a babel of most appalling shrieks and—in truth I can't describe it; besides, it has been described a hundred times; but the fact was, the steamboat boiler had burst, blown half the passengers and crew overboard, scalded several to death, and the wreck was rapidly sinking. As I said, I cannot describe the fearful scene, and for two reasons: first, because my powers of pen-painting are wholly inadequate; and, secondly, because my own personal situation absorbed all the faculties of my mind and body at the time, and left me but a very vague and confused impression of what was happening round me.

Most of those who were not blown overboard, or otherwise disposed of by the explosion, immediately flung themselves into the river, I believe, as is usual in such sudden crises. I only know that as I was preparing, with considerable agitation, but retaining in a great degree my presence of mind, to let myself down over the bow, where I saw, through the gathering shadows, a clear strip of water unencumbered by struggling victims—in fact, just as I hung with one leg over the edge, I felt myself seized by the other limb, and a woman's voice—a voice clear and fresh, but with a wild-imploving accent—cried:

"Save me! oh, sir, for God's sake save me!"

It was a critical moment, the darkness was coming on apace. But who that called himself a man could resist such an appeal? I gave one quick glance at the woman who pleaded for succor, but could only see that she was young and slender, and had a profusion of jet-black hair, large dark eyes, and a small white hand, which clasped me tightly now by the sleeve of my shirt (for I had flung off my coat).

"Come," said I, "trust me, and I will save you."

I slid into the water, still holding with one hand to the boat. "Now!" said I, making a hurried gesture. She understood it at once, and let herself down beside me.

"Put your hands on my shoulders," said I, "and keep them there, but don't grip, and don't get frightened."

She obeyed me without a word, and in another instant we were clear of the wreck, and I was swimming steadily toward the shore,

taking an oblique course on account of the current. Twice I was grappled by a drowning wretch—once by the foot, and once by the hand—but I shook off the clasp and swam on. Once my companion was dragged from me by the death-gripe of a poor victim upon her clothing, but I succeeded in tearing the garment free, and she resumed her hold, till at last I landed with my burden safely upon the bank. The instant my fair companion was drawn from the water by the kindly hands of those who were gathered on the shore, she fainted, and I left her to be carried to the nearest house; there were a number of dwellings clustered near the river, and I went myself to obtain shelter, and, if possible, to change my dripping garments. Half an hour later I had obtained dry clothing, and, finding that another upward-bound boat had stopped to offer assistance or the means of transport to the victims of the late disaster, I determined to proceed at once on my journey in her, as it was important I should lose no time in reaching Cincinnati. But before going on board I sought the house to which the lady I had rescued had been carried, to inquire after her condition, and learn if I could be of any further service to her. She was, however, too ill to see me, or even to express—so said the woman of the house—her gratitude in fitting terms, but had begged that I would leave my name and address, in order that she might be able to know and thank her preserver, as soon as she could do so properly. The woman of the house added that a message had already been sent to Louisville, where a relative of the lady's chanced to be, who would doubtless arrive in a few hours.

"Was she travelling alone?" I asked.

"No," said the woman; "her servant was with her, but the poor thing jumped overboard and was drowned."

"What is the lady's name?"

"Simmons—Miss Simmons, as near as I could understand her," answered the woman.

"Well," said I, "I am rejoiced that she is in good hands, and that her relative happens to be so near. Pray present her my compliments, and say—but stop, I'll just write a line on my card."

My cards, papers, and most of my money, I carried in an india-rubber case, in an inner breast-pocket of my waistcoat; they had therefore been preserved in good condition.

So, taking out a visiting-card upon which was simply engraved JOSEPH WALKER, I wrote under the name in pencil—"accepts your thanks with pleasure, but desires no further reward than this, and the approval of his own conscience, for the simple performance of a duty which it would have been a shame to his manhood to refuse."

I gave no address, but, putting the pasteboard into the woman's hand, went my way to the steamboat, and arrived in due time at Cincinnati without further mishap.

II.

I said I should tell my story in the simplest, matter-of-fact way, and I shall do so; but, as the facts had a sort of sequence that separated them curiously, both as to time and correlation, I think a division into chapters will make the transition more natural, and add to the comfort of the reader, and have therefore adopted this form.

My business tour ended in Philadelphia, and for the next few months I was a fixture in the office of "Wayne & Walker, Wholesale Importers of and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Wines, Liquors, and Cordials."

I cannot say that the incidents of my escape from the steamboat explosion, and my rescue of Miss Simmons, had been forgotten by me, for, on the contrary, I thought of them quite often with a feeling of pleasant satisfaction and self-approval; and occasionally reproached myself for my *insouciant* gallantry in not leaving my address with the dark-eyed young lady, and thereby affording her the chance of cultivating the acquaintance of her preserver.

But my uncle's sudden death the following spring, and the consequent labors which devolved upon me as his sole heir and executor, drove these thoughts and recollections for the time from my mind; and when, early in September, it became necessary for me to visit several of the chief cities of the West and South, as head of the house of Joseph Walker, late Wayne & Walker, I can truly say that the name of Miss Simmons, and the circumstances connected with it, occupied but an obscure and unvisited chamber of my memory.

I went from New York to Philadelphia, thence to Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Wheeling, and so on, till on the 18th—yes, I think it was the 18th of September, though the exact date is of little

consequence—I reached Louisville, and, going to the hotel named after the city, registered my name, ate my supper, and went to bed.

Being a good deal fatigued I slept late, and by the time I had breakfasted next morning it was nearly noon. I stepped into the office of the hotel after breakfast to look at the directory, and ask a question or two of the clerk, when, just as I reached the desk, I heard that bland official say: "Here is the gentleman himself, colonel," at the same time waving his jewelled hand toward me with a smile, and a gracious "Good-morning, Mr. Walker! this gentleman has just been inquiring for you."

The gentleman alluded to—a tall, portly personage, with black hair and beard, a little touched here and there with gray, and a half-military air—came quickly up with extended hand, saying rapidly: "Mr. Joseph Walker, I think; a gentleman to whom I believe—I earnestly trust I am right—I am under a very great obligation."

I took the proffered hand, of course, but replied: "I am delighted to—meet you sir, but I really fear—I—in fact, I am sure I have not the honor of knowing you, and you must be deceived by a chance resemblance, or—"

"I trust not, sir, I trust not; indeed, there is no question of resemblance, for I never—but"—interrupting himself—"we shall know in a moment. Your name, sir, is Joseph Walker?" I bowed.

"It is not an uncommon name," continued he, "but my disappointment will be great if you are not the Joseph Walker I am in search of. Pray, sir, were you not travelling in these parts last fall? Did you not, in fact, pass this city last October in a steamboat, the Telegraph, I believe, which was sunk a little way above here?" He paused an instant, and in the same instant the recollection of the scene I have described above was quickened within me, and I answered eagerly:

"Yes, sir, I was—I did, indeed, and—"

"And," interrupted he, "did you not, at the risk of your own life, in the most gallant manner, save the life of a young lady, a passenger on board that boat, whose name was—"

"Miss Simmons!" cried I. "I saved such a young lady, in truth, sir, from the wreck of the Telegraph, but at little or no personal risk, and indeed any one else—a deck-hand—might, and probably would, have rescued her the next moment as easily as I."

But the tall gentleman grasped both my hands in the most cordial manner, and, holding them in a vice-like grip, shook my arms violently as he exclaimed:

"She was my daughter, sir, my only daughter! God bless you! I have been trying to find you ever since. Why—why the devil did you run away, sir, without even letting my daughter know your name? Confound it, sir, you left us with a burden of obligation that we could not discharge—it was not generous! But I've caught you now, and, by George! you sha'n't run away this time."

"But—but, my dear Mr. Simmons," said I, "I was in great haste, and I sent my card to your daughter. I—I even wrote a line on it to—explain my hurried departure."

"She never received it, sir. It was only by the merest good luck that I discovered your name. The passenger-list of the boat was saved somehow; the clerk had it in his pocket, I believe, and he had seen you jump overboard with a young lady and a settie—"

"I had no settie," said I, interrupting him.

"Well, he thought you had, but that is of no consequence; he remembered you, and, referring to the list, gave me your name."

"I don't recollect him at all," said I.

"Of course not!" exclaimed Mr. Simmons. "And his description of you was far from exact, I see; but he was sure of your name and identity, and he was right. And now, sir," he concluded, with a fresh hand-shaking, "go and pack up your traps, and come home with me. My carriage is here. I'm only in town on a little business, and shall drive back to Grafton immediately."

I demurred somewhat, and pleaded the shortness of time at my disposal, and the urgency of my business—I ought to leave Louisville the next morning—I would call on my return northward. But no, he would accept no compromise; I should go home with him, if only for a few hours; I should see, and be thanked by his daughter; I should be his guest, if but to drink a glass of wine with him under his own roof, and then, if I must go, why I should, but on condition of solemnly promising to make a much longer visit on my return homeward.

I was not really disinclined to accept Mr. Simmons's grateful hospitality; I had no objection, whatever, to renew my acquaintance—if

acquaintance it could be called—with his fair daughter; indeed, quite the reverse; and so I went.

Mr., or, as he was universally called, Colonel Simmons, had a very pretty place some twenty miles from Louisville, which he called Grafton Manor, there being a small hamlet, half a mile from his mansion, called Grafton Corner, which was his post-office.

We drove to Grafton inside of two hours and a half, though the roads were by no means equal to Macadam, and Miss Simmons was at the gate to welcome her father. Yes, that was certainly the dark-eyed, slender maiden, with the luxuriant raven tresses, whom I had borne through the waters of the Ohio. I did not recognize her features, it is true, for I had had but a dim and transient glimpse of them in the darkness, on the evening of our adventure; but the hair, and eyes, and figure, were the same. That she would know me was, of course, impossible, since she had not probably seen my face at all; or, if she had, it must have been the merest passing glance, utterly incapable of making any impression on the memory.

But her father forestalled the necessity of such a recognition, by crying, even before he reached the gate:

"Here he is, Nellie! I've caught him at last! He can't give us the slip this time!"

"Oh, father, who—what do you mean?" exclaimed the maiden, blushing, as we drew up at the steps of the broad-eaved veranda.

"Mr. Joseph Walker, Nellie; the young gentleman who saved your life, and then ran away to avoid being thanked. There, give him a regular scolding, and no thanks, since he seems so much afraid of them."

But Miss Simmons held out her small hand, and, as I clasped it, the tears came into her fine eyes, and she said in a low, sweet voice: "I do thank you, sir, from my heart, but it was cruel of you to keep me waiting so long to express my gratitude."

"My dear Miss Simmons," said I, hastily, "it was unavoidable, I assure you, and a—pray, say no more about it. If you really wish to reward me for the trifling service I rendered you, you will promise not to refer to it again in my presence."

"If it is so disagreeable to you to be reminded of having rescued me from death, of course I shall not speak of it again, sir," said Miss Simmons, in quite a changed tone of voice.

"It—it is not that!" stammered I; "of course, you know it is not that; but—it is really embarrassing—I am already so much more rewarded than I deserve, by—the pleasure of your acquaintance, and—pray, promise me to let the subject drop."

She smiled, promised, and we went in to dinner.

I had only intended to spend the evening at Grafton, and be driven back to the city before bedtime. I actually stayed three days, and promised to spend a still longer time with my new friends on my return.

This promise I so honorably fulfilled that the whole month of November was passed by me at Grafton Manor, and, when I left there on the last day of that month, it was with the understanding that I should return with the new year, and marry Miss Helen Simmons.

III.

This being merely a narrative of facts, and not a sentimental tale, I will simply state that nothing interfered to change or delay our plans. I settled my business affairs satisfactorily, and returned to Grafton, where, on the 10th of January, I married the daughter of Colonel Simmons, and took her on a bridal tour to New Orleans. Here we spent a fortnight, then went to Havana, where the rebellion did not prevent us from enjoying another fortnight of delicious weather, and thence sailed for New York, where we were joined by Colonel Simmons, who proposed to spend a few weeks with us in his daughter's new home.

We had been settled more than a month with our laces and penates, and were as happy as possible, when I had occasion, one day, to make a business-trip to Buffalo, to call on Messrs. Keggs & Co., who were good customers of mine. Young Keggs was in his counting-room, talking with an elderly gentleman, when I entered.

"Hallo, Walker!" cried he, "how are you, old fellow? Got my letter, I see. By-the-by, I haven't congratulated you yet. Accept the compliments of the season, and all the rest of it," and he shook my hand heartily. Then, turning to the elderly gentleman—"Mr. Beach," said he, "allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Joseph Walker. Mr. Beach," added Keggs, "is from Memphis, and has just given me

a large order which I hoped to fill through you. He comes to me, because he was an old friend of my father's, though, curiously enough, I never had the pleasure of knowing him myself."

While Keggs was speaking, I glanced at Mr. Beach, whose hand I had shaken, and saw that he appeared strangely agitated, and impatient to say something. In fact, he scarcely waited for my friend to finish, before he said, in a tone of anxious inquiry:

"Excuse me, sir, but are you not—that is, were you not blown up on the Ohio River something over a year since—in October, 186—, near Louisville?"

"Not exactly blown up," I replied; "the steamboat was, however. But—"

"But," interrupted he, "you escaped by swimming ashore, and rescued a lady at the same time, did you not?"

"I had the good fortune to save a young lady, certainly," said I, wondering what possible connection *he* could have with my wife's rescue.

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Beach, again seizing my hand, and speaking with much emotion, "I am more—far more grateful to you than I can express. That young lady was my dear niece!"

"Your—your niece? Miss Simmons your niece?" I cried, in still greater bewilderment, for I should surely have heard of Mr. Beach before now, if my wife were his niece.

"Simonds, my dear sir, not Simmons!" said the old gentleman; "my orphan niece, Lydia Simonds. Ah! if you only knew how we have longed to see and know you—to thank you—to—why did you not leave us your address, my dear sir? Surely, you did not despise the gratitude of a young girl and an old man—"

"But—but—but you are in error!—there is some strange mistake!—I did not save your niece!—I—the young lady I saved was named Simmons—Helen Simmons, and she is—"

"Mistake!" exclaimed Mr. Beach, interrupting me in an almost angry manner. "How can there be a mistake? Have you not just acknowledged that you saved the young lady's life—that you escaped by swimming ashore with her from the exploded steamboat *Telegraph*, a few miles above Louisville, in October, 186—? Sir, you are either the most eccentric, or the most—"

"Stop—stop, sir," cried I; "let me think a moment—a single instant, to collect myself. I am very far from wishing to offend or mystify you, or evade your thanks, if thanks were due me from you, by any such subterfuge—but—I am utterly at a loss to explain this enigma. How did you discover my name, sir?"

"Your name? Why, by your own card, sir! Did you not, before you pursued your journey so hastily that night, write something on your visiting-card, and send it to my niece, who was too ill to see you? Lydia preserved that card most precious, I can assure you, and only lent it to me to use as a clew to your identification. Here, sir," continued he, taking out his pocket-book, and producing a card from its recesses, "here it is! Will you deny your own writing, Mr. Walker?"

There it was, sure enough! The identical pasteboard on which I had scribbled those rather Pecksniffian lines to the lady I had rescued, and whose name the woman I gave it to said she understood to be Simmons!

But if this were so—if I had actually saved the life of Miss Lydia Simonds—how, in the name of all the mysteries past, present, and to come, was this other rescue to be explained? I had not, certainly, saved two young ladies! And yet I *had*—I *must* have saved Helen Simmons—my wife! And now it was proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I had rescued Miss Lydia Simonds, this old man's niece! Was there ever such a torturing and incomprehensible piece of bewilderment?

I sat in my chair and stared blankly at Mr. Beach. Mr. Beach sat in his chair, and returned the stare with a gaze that gradually assumed, first an expression of doubt and distrust, then of pity and sympathy. (Keggs, by-the-way, had been called out to see a customer in the other office.) "He thinks I am deranged," said I to myself, and the thought calmed me at once.

"Mr. Beach," said I, "there is something in this strange affair which I am wholly unable to explain; but if you will listen to my story, perhaps you can help me to solve the puzzle."

The old gentleman's face lit up, and he assented eagerly. I thereupon told him, as succinctly as possible, the circumstances of my meeting with Colonel Simmons, his claiming me as his daughter's preserver,

the apparent authenticity of the claim, and my marriage to Miss Simmons, based to a great extent upon that claim.

"And you see, sir," said I, in conclusion, "what a very painful position I am placed in. If I saved your niece, of which there can be no possible doubt, I did not save Miss Simmons; and yet I have wooed and won her as the preserver of her life, thereby becoming a double impostor: first, in assuming the credit of an act I never performed, and, secondly, in winning a maiden's affections under this false character."

"It is certainly a very extraordinary coincidence—series of coincidences, in fact, the most extraordinary I ever heard of," said Mr. Beach. "As to your position, however, I think you are needlessly sensitive. You love your wife, don't you?"

"Certainly, sir."

"And you believe that she returns your affection, and is quite happy and contented, do you not?"

"I have every reason to believe so."

"Well, then, of what consequence is the rest? When she hears the singular and apparently inexplicable story of your mutual mistake, she will only wonder and laugh at it. If, however, she had known it *before* you were married, she *might* have felt differently, I confess."

"But—I think on the whole, sir, that it will be better—that is, that there is no need of her knowing it—just now, at all events," said I, a little doubtfully.

"And suppose the real rescuer turned up some fine day—for your wife certainly *was* saved from a steamboat-wreck by somebody, I take it," suggested Mr. Beach.

"There's hardly one chance in a thousand of that," said I, "and, at any rate, it will be time enough for explanation when such an event does occur."

"Well," said Mr. Beach, "you will do as you like about that, of course. But now suppose we go and see what my niece says about it."

"Is she with you, then?" I asked; and the idea of meeting with the veritable maiden I had rescued from a watery grave made me feel very queerly somehow.

"She is waiting for me at the hotel. As soon as you have finished with Mr. Keggs, we will go there together, if you have no objection."

"Oh, I'll wait. Go ahead, Walker! Don't keep a lady in suspense!" cried Keggs, who had just entered in time to hear the invitation. "I'll hear the whole story when you come back, and give you the advantage of my head: two heads and so forth, you know."

But I did not need Mr. Keggs's head to solve the riddle of the double rescue, for, upon being presented to Miss Simonds (whose hair was blacker and more luxuriant, if possible, and her eyes as dark and soft as my wife's) and repeating the singular story above related, she said:

"I fancy I have something which may in some degree clear up this mystery, although the explanation rather adds to than detracts from its extraordinary character."

So saying, she went out of the room, and presently returned with a slip, evidently cut from a newspaper, which she handed me. It was a "local" from the Memphis *Avantache*, headed: "ANOTHER FATAL STEAMBOAT DISASTER—SINGULAR COINCIDENCE;" and read as follows: "Only four days ago we chronicled the sinking of the steamer *Telegraph* No. 1, almost in sight of Louisville, and the melancholy loss of life caused by that disaster, and now it is our painful task to announce yet another fatal accident of a similar kind, in the explosion of the steamboat *Telegraph* No. 2, which occurred last evening within a few miles of the very spot at which her companion-*craft* went down three days previously. By this terrible calamity thirteen persons were hurried into eternity, including several well-known citizens of Memphis." (Here followed the names of the victims.) "The details of the disaster have not yet reached us, nor have we received a complete list of the passengers. . . . The similarity in name of the two ill-fated steamers, and the closeness in the locality of their successive destruction are not, however, the only or most curious coincidences in these sad affairs. Miss Lydia Simonds, the beautiful niece of our respected fellow-townsmen, Mr. A. J. Beach, was a passenger, with her servant, on the *Telegraph* No. 2, and was rescued in the most gallant manner by a young gentleman, who, after seeing her safely deposited and in kind hands on shore, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, leaving no other clew than his name, 'Jo-

seph Walker,' engraved on a visiting-card, which he desired might be handed Miss Simonds on her recovery. It will be remembered by our readers that, in our account of the sinking of the *Telegraph* No. 1, we stated that a young lady passenger had been saved by the bravery of a gentleman who was said to have immediately resumed his journey without making himself known or even visible to the lady whose life he had preserved. We have since been informed—and this is surely a most extraordinary, almost an incredible coincidence—that this young lady (who had only gone on board at Louisville, and was in charge of the captain who was entangled in the wreck and drowned) was a Miss Simonds or Simmons, and that there is strong presumptive evidence that the name of her rescuer was also Joseph Walker." Then followed a string of moral and philosophical reflections and deductions in the usual "local" style, which I spare you.

Here, then, was at least a plausible solution of the riddle. There were two young ladies whose names differed but slightly—this I already knew. There were also two rescues of most remarkable coincidence (if I may be allowed to coin a word—and not a bad one either) in time, place, and circumstance. But, further, and very much more remarkable still, there were, it appeared, two Joseph Walkers, and these Dromios were each, respectively, the hero of one of the coincidental rescues. This, to me, was the stunning and incredible climax of the whole affair, and yet it was the only and must be the true explanation of the puzzle. So I accepted it with as cheerful a faith as I could, and having meekly received my meed of gratitude from Miss Simonds and her uncle, and finished my business with Keggs, I went my way homeward, a wiser and somewhat sadder man, but resolved, so far as regarded the existence of my other ego and his claim for life-saving service upon my wife, to "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on my damask cheek."

IV.

If my story stopped here, I think you would agree that it was quite extraordinary enough to justify the assertion with which I set out in the telling of it.

But, as I am narrating a series of facts, it seems to me I am in honor bound to tell all of them, no matter how "impossible," "unnatural," or "absurd," they may appear. I am, so to speak, in the witness-box, sworn to tell the whole truth, and must, therefore, go on to the very end, regardless of the sneers of the opposite counsel, and the incredulous wonder of the honorable jury. I will, however, be as brief as possible, lest the court adjourn and the audience disperse before I have concluded my testimony.

Eighteen months passed without other incidents than those of a domestic nature occurring in my household. My wife bore me a child, which, however, lived but a few hours; and, when the bereaved mother had slowly recovered a part of her wonted health, her physicians ordered a sea-voyage, and the wholesome excitements of a European tour.

I arranged my affairs; we sailed in September, and arrived duly at the American tourist's Mecca—Paris. The voyage had, perhaps, benefited my wife; but its immediate effects were to exhaust her vital forces so that she was unable to leave her rooms at the Grand Hotel for three days subsequent to our arrival.

On the morning after our installation, I went down alone to the restaurant, to breakfast. I seated myself, or, rather, the *garçon* seated me, at a table facing the door of entrance. "What does Monsieur desire?" asked the smiling attendant, handing me the *carte*. I looked over it and gave my order, and he vanished. After continuing to examine the bill of fare for a few moments, for lack of better employment, I put it down and glanced toward the door, through which numbers of people were coming and going. I had already seen a score of faces, old and young, handsome and homely, but all equally unknown to me, when a lady and gentleman entered, the sight of whom caused me—at least that of the lady did—to start and utter an exclamation.

I recognized Miss Simonds, the real heroine of my steamboat adventure.

She heard my ejaculation, looked at me, and came instantly forward with outstretched hand, saying:

"You here, Mr. Walker? How glad I am to meet you again!"

"And you?" I replied, shaking hands with her—"how came you here, Miss Simonds? Where and how is your uncle?"

"He is at home, and was very well when I last heard from him.

But who," continued she, evidently laboring under some emotion, the nature of which I could not make out—"who would ever have thought of meeting you here? It is most astonishing! It beats any thing I ever dreamed of! Is—is your wife with you?"

"She is," I replied, very much mystified. "She has not yet recovered from the voyage—we are just arrived. But you—what are you laughing at, Miss Simonds?" I exclaimed in a slightly irritated tone, for I was beginning to feel a little offended at her inexplicable merriment.

"Forgive me. I know it's rude," said she; "but I couldn't help it; it is so wonderfully funny!" Then, striving to be serious—"I am no longer Miss Simonds; I am married. This gentleman is my husband." The gentleman alluded to had been standing a little in the background; but, in glancing toward him during our conversation, I had fancied I detected a hardly-repressed desire to laugh on his countenance, and this had rather increased my impatience. "My dear, let me present you to a valued friend of mine, of whom you have often heard me speak—Mr. Joseph Walker.—Mr. Walker, permit me to make you acquainted with my husband, Mr." (a pause) "Joseph" (another pause) "W-a-l-k-e-r! There—it's out. And, oh, isn't it funny!" And once more she burst into a low but merry laugh, in which this time both Messrs. Walker joined heartily, much to the edification of the guests in our immediate neighborhood.

I confess, however, that in my case there was a speedy relapse from hilarity into somewhat sober reflection and a shade of anxiety, as I thought that now my wife must necessarily be told the whole strange story of the double rescue, and be introduced to her real champion.

But we sat down, and had a pleasant meal and a confidential chat, the result of which was that I took Mrs. Walker No. 2 up to the chamber of Mrs. Walker No. 1, and left her, with a few words of introduction, to tell my wife all about it in her own way, while I returned to smoke a cigar and have it fairly out with my mysterious double.

The mystery, however, was, after all, only a matter of coincidences—very extraordinary, to be sure, but still neither impossible, unnatural, nor absurd, inasmuch as they were actual coincidences.

Mr. Walker No. 2 was an English gentleman, travelling on business in America at the time of the double rescue. The *Telegraph* No. 1 had been sunk just above Louisville. He had paddled Miss Simmons, who was in a swoon, ashore on a settee, left her in the care of some ladies, and walked into the city—to dry himself, as he said, by the exercise. Being in haste to get on, for he was booked to sail from New York in three days, he had only stopped long enough in Louisville to learn that he might pursue his journey in forty minutes, had spent the forty minutes in eating supper at a restaurant, and then departed, his luggage lost, but his money saved, and never stopped till he reached New York.

He had met Miss Simonds in Switzerland, about a year ago. She was then travelling with her uncle. His name attracted her attention, and, when he told her (as he did soon after their acquaintance) that he had once had the pleasure of saving the life of a countrywoman of hers on the Ohio River, and narrated the circumstances, she told him my story in return; and these mutual confidences, combined with the extraordinary character of the coincidences that led to them, had caused them to fall in love with each other, he supposed, and so, six months ago, they were married. Mr. Beach had returned home soon afterward, and they themselves were going to join him in the course of a fortnight.

"It seems natural enough when you know all about it," said Mr. Walker No. 2; "but, by Jove! it is the most curious thing that ever happened, nevertheless."

My wife took a great fancy to Mrs. Walker No. 2, and they are dear friends and frequent correspondents now.

But, curiously enough, she conceived a sort of dislike for the other Mr. Walker, although she knew it was he who had actually saved her life. And what do you suppose was the reason?

I'll tell you. It's not the one she gives; for, when I sometimes argue with her on this strange antipathy, she always says:

"My dear José" (José is her pet name for me), "I know it's foolish—worse than foolish—it's ungrateful and unfeeling; but I can't help it—it's because he's an Englishman, I suppose. I detest Englishmen."

But I know better, and, though I shall get my ears boxed, I will tell you.

The real reason why Mrs. Walker No. 1 dislikes Mr. Walker No. 2 in the character of her preserver, is—he wears spectacles, and has red hair!

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XLVII.—IN WHICH IT IS PROVED THAT GOOD COMPANY DOES NOT ALWAYS MAKE A PLEASANT DINNER.

WE return to the vicarage, for the moment the headquarters of our principal personages.

Mr. Blackadder had insisted on Alexander and Arnaud dining with him, and prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Cosie, with Mr. Marjoram, to join the party.

Arnaud walked up from Foxden to the parsonage with Mr. Blackadder, his sister, and Susan; Mrs. Rowley and Alexander bringing up the rear.

"Arnaud is looking very ill," said Mrs. Rowley; "don't you think so?"

"Like many young men of extraordinary physical strength, he overtaxes it," said Alexander. "Few men could have done what he did just now with the colors, and with a strong breeze blowing."

"It was not to display his strength," said Mrs. Rowley; "but the embroidery was done by the girls, and it would not have been seen if he had not spread it to the wind. But the effort struck me as hysterical. I am uneasy about him; he has been living too much in solitude; I wish we could coax him out of it."

"You have all been doing too much and suffering too much," said Alexander. "Why, you yourself—there is no other woman in England capable of the exertion I have seen you make to-day—intellectual, too, as well as physical, and immediately after having had a hair's-breadth escape with your life. I hope you are going to have a little quiet now."

"Well, now that I am burned out, you know, I have got as little to do as the vowels in Wales, as my father used to say, until I get a roof of my own over my head again, which I hope to have now in a few days."

"I am glad to hear you are to be castled so soon."

"Thank you for the word—if any woman ought to live in a fortress, I ought: but I was going to say that if Fanny was a little better, and able to bear a short journey, I would take her to Exeter, to have some better medical advice than is to be had here. I know perfectly well you did not come down to stay any time with me, even if I had a house to receive you."

"I must leave this to-morrow. I am going abroad for a fortnight or thereabouts."

"There it is! Business, I engage, not relaxation! Do you ever intend to sit down under that fig-tree of yours, as Woodville drew you?"

"I answer like an Irishman, with another question: When do you intend to set up your rest on the banks of that pretty lake where I first met you?"

"Oh, that villa of mine! I had no idea you ever heard of it. When I dreamed of it as a green girl, I knew nothing of Rowleys and Upjohns—nothing of the ups and downs of life."

She heaved a little sigh—not a very sorrowful one—and added: "But you have not told me where you are going."

"I wonder you don't guess," said Alexander.

"Not to Orta, surely! Nobody ever had business there. Oh, now I have it—you are going to join Woodville and Miss Cateran."

"Well, I am. I have had a second letter from her, written from the same place."

"Pooh, pooh! She has just found a mare's-nest," said Mrs. Rowley. "I can't help thinking so myself," said Alexander; "and if there was nothing else to take me abroad, and to that part of the world, I should hardly go on the faith of Miss Cateran's assurances, positive as they are. It seems almost inconceivable that Woodville, gullible as he is, should not recognize, under any possible disguise, the very man he has taken a long journey expressly to meet."

"And incredible, too," added Mrs. Rowley, "that Mr. Sandford, having invited Woodville to meet him, should shun recognition by him when they have met. But is not this Arnaud coming toward us? It surely is. He has fallen behind the rest, to join us."

The evening was so advanced, and the lane so shady, that it was growing hard to distinguish objects at any distance. But Mrs. Rowley was right. It was Arnaud; and just as she spoke he stopped, and sat down on a stone under an aged tree by the road-side.

"You see how done up he is," said the widow. "I wish you could prevail on him to go abroad with you. Perhaps he will when you tell him where you are going."

In the profound stillness of the autumn evening, Arnaud heard the last words distinctly; and, being almost invisible in the deep shadow, his voice, not as strong as usual, was more like a moan out of the trunk of the tree, as he answered:

"He is not going far enough to have my company. He will not see the southern cross over his head before he comes back, or the pole-star twinkling on the horizon."

"I should think not," said Alexander, laughing; "but I hope to see the stars that shine over the place where you and I first became acquainted. You must come along with me. You will wield your little trident with more vigor for taking a few weeks' recreation."

"Come out of your ambush," said Mrs. Rowley, "and let us talk as we go along, or we shall be late."

Arnaud rose and came out into the road, but looked bewildered, as if he had not understood what had been said.

"You won't allow me to revisit Bobbio alone," resumed Alexander, thinking he had not made himself intelligible at first.

"What have you got to do at Bobbio?" replied Arnaud, in the bow-wow manner of a watch-dog lying in the sun, and too lazy to get up and bark like himself.

"Nothing of extraordinary importance," said Alexander, with a smile. "Only, I am promised the pleasure of meeting the eminent gentleman whom gods call Sandford; and men, Moffat."

In an instant the expression of Arnaud's face was so wild, and at the same time so ghastly, that Mrs. Rowley, who had been closely observing him, was frightened.

"Come along," she repeated, nervously, to Alexander.

She saw that some mysterious screw was loose, but it was no time then to investigate where the machine was out of order. Alexander followed her, but Arnaud neither spoke nor stirred. Mrs. Rowley again called to him over her shoulder, but he only answered impatiently, bidding her go on in the same hollow and growling tone.

"How very strange his manner is!" said Mrs. Rowley, after she had proceeded a few yards; "it is utterly beyond my comprehension; there must be fever on him. The very name of Bobbio seemed to give him pain, and the mention of Mr. Sandford threw him quite off his centre. What connection can there possibly be between Bobbio and Sandford? If I were to turn pale at the name, there would be some reason for it. There is no use in waiting for him; he will not dine with us."

"If he goes home, and to bed," said Alexander, "it will be the best thing he can do."

"You little know what kind of a home he has to go to," said Mrs. Rowley; "but for to-night we must leave him to himself, or we should only increase his excitement."

They proceeded side by side, at a smart space; while Arnaud, when they were lost to sight, sat down again on the rock, the picture of dismay. The fears that distracted him were such as neither the quick perception of friendship, nor the still quicker sagacity of love, could possibly have comprehended. Arnaud alone knew the solution of his own wretchedness. He had not to go back to Paris to recall the dreaded features of the man whom Alexander spoke of so lightly. Nor had he Mrs. Rowley's difficulty of connecting that ubiquitous personage with the scenes of his childhood, or imagining what might be his object or errand there.

The dinner, you may presume, was not lively. Indeed, if Mr. Blackadder had been a merrier man, and his sister not been one of the dreariest daughters of John Knox—a woman who, without being actually bitter, made a raw, cold atmosphere round about her, like one of the mists of her native hills—the party could not have been pleasant under the circumstances. Arnaud's default made a terrible chasm. Neither of the Rowley girls appeared; and the anxiety of Mrs. Rowley about them all put her out of tune for society.

Had even Mrs. Cosie been present, Alexander would at least have had something comfortable to contemplate; but her place—no small one—was vacant too. She had borne up beautifully at the review; but when the excitement of that event was passed, she quite broke down, poor, dear old woman, between the fate of the Meadows and the exertion of making herself what she called fit to be seen at a dinner-party. It ended, by the joint advice of her daughters, in her getting into bed, instead of into her tremendous yellow satin dress with crimson peonies, in which it had been her deliberate purpose to appear at the vicarage.

It was in vain that sometimes Alexander and sometimes Mr. Marjoram made an effort to throw off the wet blanket with a joke as fresh as the morning or as old as the flood. At length poor Mrs. Rowley could stand it, or sit it, no more. She rose and went to her daughters, entreating the company to excuse her desertion.

Her back was no sooner turned, than Mrs. Dunlop gave the finishing touch to the day's entertainment, by "hoping and trusting nothing would befall that gude young man fro' the islands. There was no accounting for feelings, but ever since she sat down to meat she felt preceesely as she once did, many years ago, at a party of thretteen—you mind, Malcolm, the dinner I allude to?"

"I do," said her brother, with a smile. "But, Mary, my dear, I mind also that no member of that party died in the course of the year, as one ought to have done, you know."

"Vera true, Malcolm," replied his sister; "naeboddy preceesely died; but Willie Buchanan—willful Willie we always ca'd him—met a vera bad accident, that would have killed any mon living but himsel."

As it would not have been easy to exceed this, Mrs. Dunlop, acting on the old rule for social success, here left the gentlemen and followed Mrs. Rowley. The sitting was short over the bottle. The curate's wine was not of a quality to make the tea-pot jealous.

"How do you feel?" said Alexander to Marjoram, as they crossed the hall. "I expect a collision on my way to town in the morning."

"Don't get killed, at all events, following Willie Buchanan's example," said his partner.

"We travel together, I suppose?" said Marjoram.

"Well—I don't know about that. I rather think I shall not be able to stop so early. I have some business to transact."

"With Mr. Cosie, of course?" said Marjoram, maliciously, giving Alexander a little dig in the ribs.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—IN WHICH A YOUNG LADY IS LEFT ALONE IN DISTRESS.

THE following day brought so many movements with it that the mere bustle made things less dismal, as a fresh breeze springing up scatters a fog, and lets in a few streaks of sunshine to cheer the landscape.

Mr. Marjoram had bid farewell to Mrs. Rowley the night before, and now his sisters came up from the village to take their leave of her. She lamented the untoward events which had prevented her from seeing more of those excellent women, and hoped before long to have them with her again, "when she had a house to receive them, where there would be no greater fire than the one in the kitchen." It is pleasant to relate that, in spite of croaking and railway regulations, the Marjorams got safe home. The great questions debated during the journey were, what brought Mr. Alexander down so suddenly, why he remained behind, and, if he was going to take a certain step, why he didn't take it at once. Miss Mary thought he was perhaps taking it that very moment, and Miss Prim was afraid he was too fond of money, like other people, and was going to wait until the widow came into all her own again.

"That may be Next-never-come-tide," said Mary; "and besides, though she is not as rich as she ought to be, she is not badly off as it is."

"And then he is off to the Continent, it seems, to-morrow or next day, and nobody knows for what."

"Oh, our sly brother there could tell us, if he liked."

Marjoram shook his head.

"Our brother there," said Prim, "never tells us any thing, who's going to be married, or what anybody has, or what's going to happen, or any thing about anybody. Now do you, Thomas?"

Marjoram nodded.

"I think he's asleep," said Mary.

"That's always the way," said Miss Prim, crossly; but she was asleep, before long, herself.

Meanwhile more important personages were on the move likewise. Fanny Rowley made a seasonable rally, and was so much better that her mother felt she might safely take her to Exeter, availing herself of Mr. Alexander's escort. Mrs. Dunlop thought this very rash; but Mrs. Rowley did not care a pin what Mrs. Dunlop thought. She did not even hesitate to avow that, beside getting the best advice for her daughter, the destitute state of her wardrobe was an additional reason for her journey. Mrs. Dunlop glanced very intelligibly at the famous black velvet, as if Mrs. Rowley was to go on wearing Mrs. Cosie's old gown till Christmas.

It looked a little cruel, certainly, in the widow to leave poor Susan at Mrs. Dunlop's mercy, when she was extricating herself; and, in truth, Mrs. Rowley, had she not been so much occupied with her other daughter and Arnaud, could have hardly helped observing that Susan looked almost as suffering as her sister; in reality Susan had gone through more than any one, for she had been within an ace of actually perishing in the flames. Alexander thought he could perceive something of the same distress which Mrs. Rowley saw clearly enough in the case of Arnaud, and the symptoms being so like, he drew the natural inference that there was a common disorder, admitting of a very simple explanation.

This would not account for what was most singular in Arnaud's demeanor the previous evening; but it furnished reason enough for his unwillingness to travel, and so far it eased Alexander's mind respecting him. As to Mrs. Rowley, she was evidently not so uneasy on his account as she had been the night before. He had been seen returning to his hermitage, and she knew he had friends enough to look after him during her absence. Besides, Mr. Buchan, the village doctor (doctor by courtesy—apothecary, in fact), had been at the vicarage that morning, and had promised her to make a point of seeing Arnaud in the course of the day. She had then only to give her final instructions to secure having her house in complete order to receive her on a day which she named.

Alexander and Mr. Cosie were standing together while this was going on, and exchanged smiles at the characteristic precision as well as the stately tone with which her orders were given. To a very critical ear the latter was perhaps pitched a note too high for the present moderate scale of her fortunes, and as far as Alexander could gather from what he overheard, he was disposed to fear she was also launching out into greater expense than was prudent; but Mr. Cosie assured him that it was not so, for no property in the country was improving like hers. In two or three years, at the same rate, she would be mistress of a clear two thousand a year.

"That will do," said Alexander; "she may make a pretty good figure with that in a country like this."

"A solid fee-simple estate that nobody can deprive her of," continued Cosie. "I don't think she ever realized to herself what a good thing it is as long as she was only a cottager."

"You can see the fee-simple in her face this morning," said Alexander, with a smile so far from being satirical that it was evident he did not think the face less attractive for the fee-simple expression.

At the same moment a nod from the great lady herself intimated to him that she was ready to start. The carriage was waiting, with Fanny already deposited in it, and Susan standing at the door communing with her sister to the last.

"Good-by, dear Mrs. Dunlop," said the widow; "a thousand thanks for your kindness; and a thousand to you, Mr. Blackadder. I shall never forget your hospitality and goodness. Good-by, everybody; and take good care of our friend on the island."

To this last injunction Susan's voice alone made no response.

"Really, I wish she was coming with us," said Mrs. Rowley as they drove away. "She looks pale and miserable, and no wonder."

"Mamma," said Fanny, "don't be uneasy. Susan is not going to stay long with Mrs. Dunlop."

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Rowley.

"No," said Fanny. "She has just told me that she intends to go to the house to-morrow, and take one of the Cosies with her. All the arrangements will be made much better, she thinks, if she is on the spot."

"Perhaps so," said the widow, dryly; "but I think she might have mentioned it to me.—You see, Mr. Alexander, what independent young ladies I have to deal with."

They separated at Exeter. Alexander hastened to London, and crossed the sea the next day. Nothing urges a man faster on his path than the sense of a mystery to be unravelled at the end of his journey. When he put together the positiveness of Miss Cateran's statements with the extraordinary way in which the mention of Mr. Sandford affected Arnaud, though on the whole he still inclined to belief in a mare's-nest, it was not without a grain of suspicion that there might be something in it.

With this spur in his flank, few suns rose and set between his "Good-evening" to the Rowleys and his "Good-morning" to his friends in Piedmont.

Miss Fanny Rowley was a little economical of the truth in the grounds she assigned for her sister's intention to shift her quarters. The whole truth was, though perhaps even Fanny did not know quite the whole of it, that Susan was infinitely more uneasy than any one about the state Arnaud was in.

The circumstance that terrified her most was his desolate situation in case of his being attacked by any serious malady. Mrs. Rowley had not quite overlooked this, but she did not realize it as her daughter did. And yet, what was to be done? What was most to be desired was what Arnaud would most surely refuse to acquiesce in. The next best thing seemed to poor Susan, since she could not dry up the cruel sea that ran between them, to be to fix herself at least in sight of his abode, and as near it as possible. The vicarage answered neither condition; the manor-house answered both, with the advantage, too, that the doctor's residence would be nearer, as well as all the resources to be had in the town. These were the considerations that chiefly determined Susan Rowley, though that which her sister mentioned had some little weight also.

The widow, indeed, was herself not more anxious to be suitably and speedily housed than her daughters were. The repairs, as we formerly mentioned, had been made at their joint expense; but Mrs. Rowley would not allow them to contribute a shilling to the fitting-up and furnishing.

Early in these memoirs it was mentioned that the Oakham house was too large for the property which Mrs. Rowley inherited with it, having been originally built to correspond with a greater estate, which was subsequently divided; but it was fortunately just the sort of mansion which it was possible to leave in partial decadence without offence to the eye or the taste. The part which needed repair most was just that which it would have been a sin not to have left as it was. As finishing would have spoiled Mr. Woodville's Centaur, so complete renovation would have spoiled Oakham. Its dilapidation was the decay in which, as Byron says, "beauty lingers." There were considerations of mercy, too, as well as pleas for the picturesque. To have restored the roof, or built up the fissures of the ivied walls, at least on the west side, would not only have destroyed the valerians, and snapdragons, with twenty other parasites of ruin, but have been death, or at least exile, to all the birds which had been settled in every crevice for a hundred years—a good prescriptive title, if birds have any rights at all. Time was running fast enough of itself against the feathered occupants, without the help of masons and carpenters; but as the house had been built in the most solid way, they might well reckon on another century's possession, if they were only let alone. The problem the Rowleys had to solve was to put one half of the venerable building into habitable order without destroying its harmony with the ruinous condition of the other. And they were tolerably successful. When the work was completed as it now was, except in minor details, the only observable contrast was like that of robust old age with tottering but still erect decrepitude, as you may have seen a

son hale and hearty at sixty supporting a sire with twenty additional years on his shoulders.

It was well all this had been done before the present crisis came, and Susan Rowley's thoughts had other employment than overseeing architects. A whole bevy of Mrs. Dunlops would not have made her soul so sad as it was that morning, when, after her mother and sister were gone, she hastened to the village with two objects—one to press Mr. Buchan not to delay his visit, the other to secure the society and help of one of the Cosies. The Cosies were always good at need. The only difficulty arose from the competition among so many kind-hearted girls. There was never such pushing before between Dorothy and Margery, the foremost candidates, until at last they drew lots, and Dorothy was the favorite of fortune.

At Mr. Buchan's house Susan found to her satisfaction that he had already gone to the island, as he had promised Mrs. Rowley to do. So far, then, her heart was lighter; but her relief was of short duration, for close to the vicarage she met Mr. Buchan returning. He had seen his patient, who had certainly fever on him, but the doctor hoped to nip it in the bud with the medicines he had administered. To-morrow he would see him again.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Susan. "But suppose he is worse to-night?"

The doctor thought that was not likely, and said he had found a careful woman attending him, the wife of one of the islanders whose hut was hard by.

"I heartily wish we had him on this side," continued Mr. Buchan, "but he would not hear of it. He refuses to believe his illness serious, and talks of setting out in a day or two on some very distant journey."

"Did he say where?"

"No; but he pointed to the ground, and at first I misunderstood him—he looked so very ill; but I found he only meant the other side of the globe."

"Yes, yes, that was what he meant," said Susan. It was spoken more to herself than to Mr. Buchan.

Early the next day Susan took up her new quarters; Mr. Blackadder, to whom she freely mentioned her reasons, highly approving of them, as did Mr. Buchan also.

There was a ridge of high rocks close to the mansion, from the summit of which the purple island was better seen than from any other point of the coast, that side of it where the hut stood exactly fronting the spectator. A zigzag of easy ascent led to the top, and then dropped more abruptly to the beach at the same place where Mrs. Upjohn's picnic party had landed, as the reader will probably recollect. There were always a few boats lying there, looking for occasional employment. Susan had often been on this eminence for the sake of the prospect from it, little thinking of the use it was to be in her present grief, from the opportunity it afforded of communication with the island by signals. Mr. Buchan could not go backward and forward more than once in the day, and what was the poor fisherman's wife to do in case of any emergency only too easily imagined? Consulting with her affectionate friend, Miss Rowley hit on a simple plan of telegraphic communication—a flag exhibited by day from a pole before Arnaud's door, and after dusk a candle or a lighted fagot. By this means, and having a constant lookout kept from the cliffs, Susan would be immediately apprised should the nurse require help, or any new crisis take place. Even thus the arrival of succor must be miserably slow, but there was nothing better to be done. All the measures the sorrowful girl could take she took with prudence and promptitude. A horse stood saddled to convey information to Mr. Buchan, and one of Arnaud's own men, who was in the coast-guard service, undertook with alacrity the duty of keeping a lookout by night.

"By daylight," said the good Dorothy, "you must leave the watch to me. I'll take all I shall want with me in a basket."

"We will divide the employment between us, my dear," said Susan.

"I only thought," said her friend, "that you must have enough to do in getting the house in order."

"It will be a relief to me to have a walk now and then, and sit on the rocks. After all, there is not half so much to be done in the house as mamma fancies."

"Give me something to do at once," said Dorothy; "remember, it was not to be idle I came here."

Susan gave her Mrs. Rowley's room to settle. There was a great deal to be done there, and it was for that very reason Susan assigned it to her. No sooner was Miss Cosie at work than Susan flew to her observatory. It was just the hour when she knew Mr. Buchan would be going over, and her intention was to wait for his return and run down to meet him by the steep descent we have mentioned. It was a calm, silvery day in October. Distant objects are often wonderfully distinct in that gray autumnal atmosphere. With the help of a small glass all the external details of Arnaud's dwelling were perfectly visible. His door stood wide open; Susan could even see his glazed hat hanging on the wall, and under it either his gun, or it might be, his volunteer's sword. Now and then she could perceive a form moving to and fro in the hut; once it came to the door, and stood there for a few moments. No doubt it was the woman who had that dear life in her charge—that life for which Susan would have given her own. Little

could that poor woman have dreamed that the post of danger she occupied by the bed of a man in a malignant fever made her an object of envy in the eyes of a lady like Miss Rowley. Yet it was so. It made Susan wild to think of the treasure that depended on the care of a solitary hireling, though ever so intelligent and trustworthy.

"Oh, my poor, dear, neglected and forsaken Arnaud!" she cried, and burst into a torrent of tears.

She wiped them in an instant, and it was to see Mr. Buchan half-way across the little channel. In her distraction she had not noticed his arrival at the beach below her. He had attached his pony to a tree that was near. Susan could hear the animal cropping the herbage about him, the day was so still.

As soon as Susan saw him afloat again, palpitating with anxiety she descended the cliffs to meet him on his landing.

Too truly had she concluded that the reason why he had remained so short a time in the hut, was not that the patient was better, but that at present there was nothing new to be done. The fever was established, and would run its course. There was no increase of dangerous symptoms; it was probably infectious, but the nurse was fearless, and it was a grain of comfort to poor Susan to hear she was also a person not without experience in attending the sick, and was besides devoted to Arnaud.

Mr. Buchan's anticipations were fulfilled. Several days elapsed without change; no flag was displayed by day, no torch kindled by night. It was the solstice of the fever. The malady stood still; but what was there to still the bosom throbbing with solitude and love? To add care to care, there came a letter from Exeter with the news that Fanny had suffered slightly by her journey, and that Mrs. Rowley's return would be delayed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREEK FIRE.

THE name of Greek fire has been given to a great number of inflammable compounds more or less formidable and effective for destruction, and used extensively for warlike purposes in former times. Father Amiot, missionary in China, traces the employment of *fusées* by the Chinese to the second century A. D., and the Prussian officer, Mayer, maintains that the Byzantines had knowledge of Greek fire in the year 330. The Byzantine historians speak of the chief ingredient of the Greek fire as "a light, tenacious, and inflammable oil, which springs from the earth and catches fire as soon as it comes in contact with the air." Allowing for exaggeration, or else for the intervention of a match, this applies perfectly to certain kinds of petroleum which are exceedingly inflammable.

The ancient writers mention petroleum-springs in the island of Zante, in the Grecian Archipelago, along the Caspian coasts, and those of the Dead Sea. The Parsees have always fed the sacred fire of their temples with these oils drawn from the soil, deposits of which abound in Persia and India, the purest in the world being in the Burmese empire, along the Irawaddy River, and contiguous to Southern China. This highly-inflammable fluid would readily pass from the sphere of domestic uses into the arsenal of weapons offensive and defensive. To impart to it the necessary consistence and adhesiveness, it was mixed with asphalt, tar, pitch, and turpentine, substances all of the same character, but solidified by oxidation and by the evaporation of the light oils that hold them in natural solution; other inflammable substances were added in the form of powder. Much discrepancy is noted among historians with regard to the destructiveness of Greek fire, and the difficulty of extinguishing it. This is not to be ascribed to mere exaggeration in some authors, or to repugnance of others to the marvellous. They have really described different effects of different compounds, more or less explosive and more or less tenacious. In some parts of China, nitre crops out upon the surface soil; the Chinese have for many centuries made with it gunpowder and fireworks; they have also mixed it with naphtha and the other ingredients of Greek fire, and thus obtained a source of oxygen, independent of the air, and sustaining combustion under water or inside of a solid mass. It is known that the ancients combined sulphur with their other combustibles, and they may have also used phosphorus, an ingredient of the modern Greek fire.

M. Favé, a French ordnance officer, tells us in the "Dictionnaire de la Conversation," that there has recently been found, in the Imperial Library at Paris, an Arabian manuscript which discloses the whole art of these incendiary compounds, and of the instruments for using them. But, unfortunately, he gives us no details. From a comparison of many authorities, it appears that the projectile forces employed were not exclusively mechanical, like that of the arbalète which we depict;

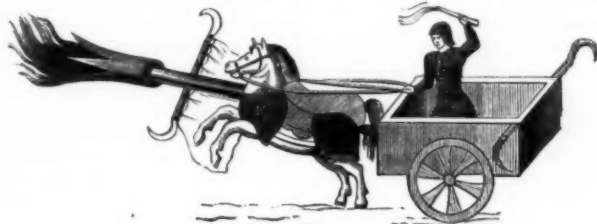
they were also chemical, such as resulted from the expansive power of gases, the explosive quality of the lightest oils distilled from petroleum and aided by nitre, but they had not the explosive power of our gunpowder, because the nitre employed was less purified. The Chinese, who have always excelled us in pyrotechnic displays, have never done much mischief with their powder. In 917 we find men-

inflammable oil. In naval battles, fire-ships filled with these combustibles were carried by the wind, that fanned their flames against the sides of the enemy's vessels. It was usually blown through long copper tubes, planted in the prow of a galley, and fancifully shaped into the mouths of savage monsters that seemed to vomit a stream of liquid fire. The art of compounding it was preserved at Constantinople as the palladium of the state. Its galleys and artillery might occasionally be lent to the allies of Rome; but the secret of the Greek fire was concealed with the most jealous scruple for above four hundred years. The Princess Anna Comnena, in mentioning resin, sulphur, and oil, as its components, only intended, it is probable, to baffle curiosity by telling just so much as everybody knew already.

In 1098, the fleet of Alexis Comnenus used Greek fire against the Pisans. His ships had siphons fore and aft, in form of syringes, which squirted the inflamed matters.

The Greek empire owed to it many naval victories between the ninth century, and the fall of Constantinople before the army of crusaders, in 1204. The Sieur de Joinville, who

wrote in those times, says that "it was thrown from the bottom of a machine called a petrary, and came forth as big as a barrel of verjuice, with a tail of fire issuing from it like a great sword, making a noise in its passage like thunder, and seeming like a dragon flying through the air, and, from the great quantity of fire it threw out,



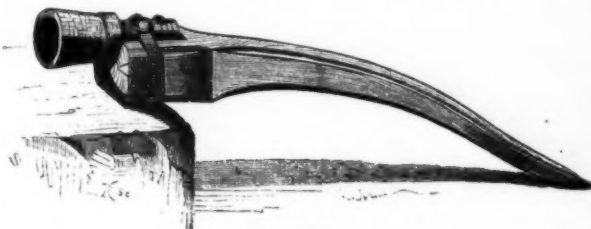
Incendiary Chariot.

tion of it in China as the "oil of cruel fire," said to have been carried there by the Kitan Tartars, who had it from the King of Ou.

Greek fire takes its name from the Greeks of the Lower Empire, who derived it from Syria. Beckmann attributes its invention to Callinacrus, an architect of Heliopolis, the city of the sun, afterward called Baalbec, in 678, under the reign of the Emperor Constantine Pogonatus. Deserting from the caliph's service, he is reputed to have brought with him the secret of many compositions of this nature, and the mechanism for projecting them.

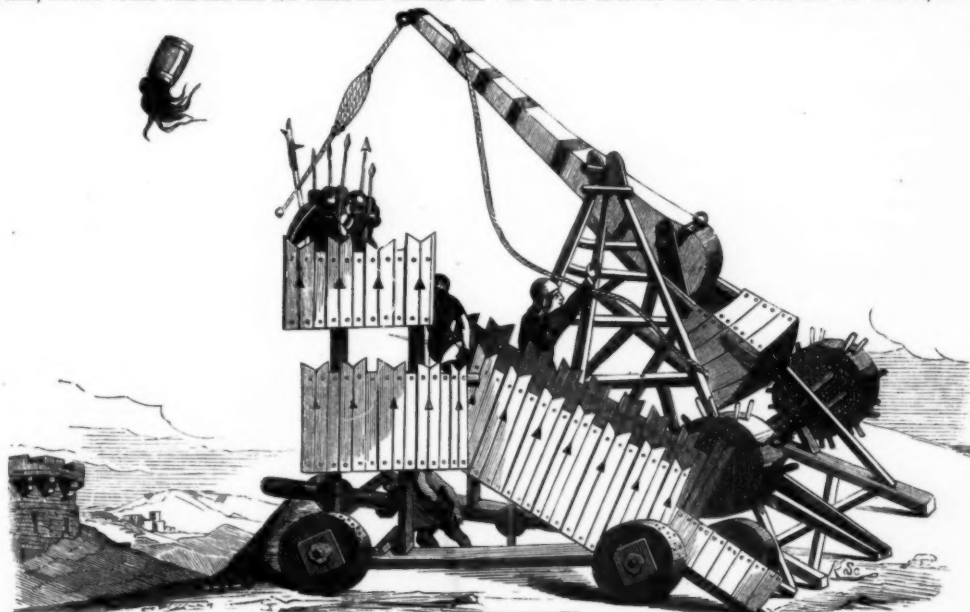
Lebeau, in his "Histoire du Bas Empire," describes the extravagance of terror with which it affected the ignorant, when he writes that neither stones nor even iron resisted its activity, or rather he confounds, with the special effects of these combustibles, those which are commonly witnessed in all extensive conflagrations where iron is melted and stones crumbled. He mentions, further, that it burned in water, that it traversed the air with the splendor of lightning and the noise of thunder, and set fire, with a horrible explosion, to buildings, vessels, etc. What more could be affirmed of our incendiary bombshells projected by gunpowder?

In two sieges, writes Gibbon, the deliverance of Constantinople may be chiefly ascribed to the novelty, the terrors, and the real efficacy of the Greek fire. It was poured from large boilers on the ramparts, or launched in red-hot balls of stone or iron, or darted with arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow which had imbibed the



A Bombarde.

giving such a light, that one might see in the camp as if it had been day." Such was the terror it occasioned, that Gaultier de Cariel, an experienced and valiant knight, advised that, as often as it was thrown, they should all kneel and prostrate themselves, beseeching the Lord to deliver them from that danger, against which He alone could protect them. This counsel was adopted and practised; besides which, King Louis, being in bed in his tent, as often as he was informed that the Greek fire was thrown, raised himself



Engine for Throwing Greek Fire.

in his bed, and with uplifted hands thus besought the Lord: "Good Lord God, preserve my people!" Geoffroy de Vinesauf, who accompanied King Richard I. to Palestine, says that, "with pernicious stench and livid flame, it consumes even flint and iron; nor could it be extinguished with water." A Florentine monk, who composed on it a descriptive poem in Latin, speaks of sand, acids, and urine, as moderating its fury.

Père Daniel relates that Philip Augustus of France, having found at Acre a quantity of the Greek fire-compound ready prepared, brought it with him to France, and used it for burning English vessels at the siege of Dieppe.

In 1383, when the Bishop of Norwich besieged Ypres, the garrison is said to have defended itself so well, and particularly with Greek fire and certain engines called guns, that the English were obliged to raise the siege with such precipitation that they left behind them their great guns, which were of inestimable value. Afterward, the remainder of that army were besieged in the town of Barburgh by the French, who threw such quantities of Greek fire into it that a third part was burned, and the English were obliged to capitulate.

According to Patio de la Croix, the author of "L'Histoire de Genghis Khan," this Tartar conqueror of the East, who took Pekin in 1215, had in his army elephants charged with the fire-tubes through which Greek fire was blown.

General Bardin, cited in the "Dictionnaire de la Conversation," thus enumerates, after the ancient authorities, the machines of propulsion:

"Great or small machines, with springs, or neuroballistic (as that of our figure) sarbacanes, hand-siphons, as the Greeks called them, and a kind of mortar, which the Romans called *phiala*. It was fired in inflamed masses, from the size of an olive to that of a hog's-head."

The *astioches*, or ancient bombshells, containing this fire, were made of baked earth. The first cannon, says Villaret, were made on purpose to project them.

Paoli, a celebrated chemist of Rome, made an offer, in 1702, to Louis XIV. of France, to revive the Greek fire, more terrible than ever; and Dupré, a goldsmith of Paris, would have sold the same secret to Louis XV., but was forbidden to reveal it. Experiments were made with it on the canal of Versailles, under the inspection of the Marquis de Montesquieu, and boats struck by balls containing it, below their water-line, were set on fire there.

The slinging-machine represented was used, in the fourteenth century, both for Greek fire and to propel balls. By the two wheels, a cord, attached to a tun of Greek fire, was stretched very tense, so as to bend a kind of flexible wooden bow. When the cord was suddenly loosed, the elastic rebound of the bow in straightening out would fling the tun to a considerable distance with its inflammable contents.

Prisoners taken from the enemy have sometimes been pitched over the ramparts by these machines.

The most important work on Greek fire is that of MM. Reinaud and Favé, where the reader bent on mischief will find details beyond our scope.

THE "DANGEROUS CLASSES" OF NEW YORK, AND EFFORTS TO IMPROVE THEM.

III.

WE stated, in a former article, how strong and wide-spread was the impression in our community, some seventeen years ago, that a general organization should be formed which should deal alone with the evils and dangers threatened from the class of neglected youth, then first coming plainly into public view. Those who possessed property-interests in the city saw the immense loss and damage which would occur from such an increasing community of young thieves and criminals. The humane felt for the little waifs of society who thus, through no fault of their own, were cast out on the currents of a large city; and the religious recognized it as a solemn duty to carry the good news of Christianity to these "heathen at home." Every thing seemed in readiness for some comprehensive and well-laid scheme of benevolence and education for the street-children of New York.

A number of our active citizens were engaged at that time in a somewhat original method for benefiting the young "roughs" and vagabond boys of the metropolis. This was known as the effort of the

"BOYS' MEETINGS."

The theory of these original assemblages was, that the "sympathy of an audience" might be used to influence these wild and untutored young Arabs when ordinary agencies were of no avail. The street-boys, as is well known, are exceedingly sharp and keen, and, being accustomed to theatrical performances, are easily touched by real oratory, and by dramatic instruction; but they are also restless, soon tired of long exhortations, and somewhat given to chaff.

The early days of those "Boys' Meetings" were stormy. Sometimes the salutatory exercises from the street were showers of stones; sometimes a general scrimmage occurred over the benches; again, the visitors or missionaries were pelted by some opposition-gang, or bitter enemies of the lads, who attended the meeting. The exercises, too, must be conducted with much tact, or they broke up with a laugh or in a row. The platform of the Boys' Meeting seemed to become a kind of chemical test of the gaseous element in the brethren's brains. One pungent criticism we remember—on a pious and somewhat sentimental Sunday-school brother, who in one of our meetings had been pouring forth vague and declamatory religious exhortation—in the words "*Gas! gas!*" whispered with infinite contempt from one hard-faced young disciple to another. Unhappy, too, was the experience of any more daring missionary who ventured to question these youthful inquirers.

Thus—"In this parable, my dear boys, of the Pharisee and the publican, what is meant by the 'publican'?"

"Alderman, sir, wot keeps a pothouse!" "Democrat, sir!" "Black Republican, sir!"

Or—"My boys, what is the great end of man? When is he happiest? How would you feel happiest?"

"When we'd plenty of hard cash, sir!"

They sometimes took their own quiet revenge among themselves, in imitating the Sunday-school addresses delivered to them.

Still, ungoverned, prematurely sharp, and accustomed to all villainess, as these lads were, words which came forth from the depths of a man or woman's heart would always touch on some hidden chord in theirs. Pathos and eloquence vibrated on their heartstrings as with any other audience. Beneath all their rough habits and rude words, was concealed the solemn monitor, the *daimon*, which ever whispered to the lowest of human creatures, that some things are wrong—are not to be done.

Whenever the speaker could, for a moment only, open the hearts of the little street-rovers to this voice, there was in the wild audience a silence almost painful, and every one instinctively felt, with awe, a mysterious Presence in the humble room, which blessed both those who spake and those who heard.

Whatever was bold, or practical, or heroic in sentiment, and especially the dramatic in oratory, was most intently listened to by these children of misfortune.

The Boys' Meetings, however, were not, and could not, in the nature of things, be a permanent success. They were the pioneer-work for more profound labors for this class. They cleared the way, and showed the character of the materials. Those engaged in them learned the fearful nature of the evils they were struggling with, and how little any moral influence on one day can do to combat them. These wild gatherings, like meetings for street-preaching, do not seem suited to the habits of our population: they are too much an occasion for frolic. They have given way to, and been merged in, much more disciplined assemblages for precisely the same class, which again are only one step in a long series of moral efforts in their behalf, that are in operation each day of every week and month, and extend through years.

The gentlemen engaged in these efforts, feeling their inadequacy organized for a more permanent and comprehensive effort in 1853. The most prominent of these were W. C. RUSSELL, B. J. HOWLAND, W. L. KING, the late Judge MASON, M. T. HEWITT, and J. E. WILLIAMS, of whom the last had been engaged in similar movements in Boston.

Several of these have become somewhat distinguished in their various professions, but it may be doubted if they will look back on any action of their public careers with more satisfaction than their

first earnest efforts to lay firmly the foundations of a broad structure of charity, education, and reform.

The organization was happily named

"THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY OF NEW YORK."

This association, which from such small beginnings has grown to so important dimensions, was thus formed in 1853, and was subsequently incorporated in 1856 under the general Act of the State of New York in relation to charitable associations.

A small office in Amity Street was opened, with a single lad in attendance, besides the present writer, who had abandoned the pursuits in which he was successfully engaged, and accepted the proposition of his fellow-workers in the movement, to be secretary of the future society, and to attempt to found carefully a comprehensive scheme for relieving New York of some of the evils of its "dangerous classes."

The public immediately came forward with its subscriptions, so profound was the sense of these threatening evils—the first large gift (fifty dollars), being from the wife of the principal property-holder in the city, Mrs. William B. Astor.

Most touching of all was the crowd of wandering little ones, who immediately found their way to the office. Ragged young girls who had nowhere to lay their heads; children driven from drunkards' homes; orphans who slept where they could find a box or stairway; boys cast out by step-mothers or step-fathers; newsboys whose incessant answer to our question "Where do you live?" rung in our ears, "Don't live nowhere;" little bootblacks, young pedlars, "canawl-boys," who seem to drift into the city every winter, and live a vagabond life; pickpockets and petty thieves trying to get honest work; child-beggars and flower-sellers growing up to enter courses of crime—all this motley throng of infantile misery and childish guilt passed through our doors, telling their simple stories of suffering, and loneliness, and temptation, until our hearts became sick, and the present writer certainly, if he had not been able to stir up the fortunate classes to aid in assuaging these fearful miseries, would have abandoned the post in discouragement and disgust.

In investigating closely the different parts of the city, with reference to future movements for their benefit, we soon came to know certain centres of crime and misery, until every lane and alley, with its filth, and wretchedness, and vice, became familiar as the lane of a country homestead to its owner. There was the famed German "Rag-pickers' Den," in Pitt and Willett Streets—double rows of houses, flaunting with dirty banners, and the yards heaped up with bones and refuse, where cholera raged unchecked in its previous invasion. Here the wild life of the children soon made them outcasts and thieves.

Then came the murderous blocks in Cherry and Water Streets, where so many dark crimes were continually committed, and where the little girls who flitted about with baskets and wrapped in old shawls, became familiar with vice before they were out of childhood.

There were the thieves' lodging-houses in the lower wards, where the street-boys were trained by older pickpockets and burglars for their nefarious callings; the low immigrant boarding-houses and vile cellars of the First Ward, educating a youthful population for courses of guilt; the notorious rogues' den in Laurens Street—"Rotten Row"—where, it was said, no drove of animals could pass by and keep its numbers intact; and, farther above, the community of young garroters and burglars around "Hammersley Place." And, still more north, the dreadful population of youthful ruffians and degraded men and women in "Poverty Lane," near Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets and Ninth Avenue, which subsequently ripened into the infamous "Nineteenth Street Gang."

On the east side, again, was "Dutch Hill," near Forty-second street, the squatters' village, whence issued so many of the little pedlars of the city, and the Eleventh Ward and "Corlear's Hook," where the "copper-pickers," and young wood-stealers, and the thieves who beset the ship-yards congregated; while below, in the Sixth Ward, was the Italian quarter, where houses could be seen crowded with children, monkeys, dogs, and all the appurtenances of the corps of organ-grinders, harpers, and little Italian street-sweepers, who then, ignorant and untrained, wandered through our down-town streets and alleys.

Near each one of these "fever-nests," and centres of ignorance, crime, and poverty, it was our hope and aim eventually to place some agency which should be a moral and physical disinfectant—a seed of

reform and improvement, amid the wilderness of vice and degradation.

It seemed a too enthusiastic hope to be realized; and, at times, the waves of misery and guilt through these dark places appeared too overwhelming and irresistible for any one effort or association of efforts to be able to stem or oppose them.

How the somewhat ardent hope was realized, and the plan carried out, will appear hereafter.

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

V.

LIGHTNING.—A flash of lightning continues scarcely the thousandth part of a second.—*Humboldt.*

BENEFICENCE.—Never any man did a good turn to his brother, but, one time or another, himself did eat the fruit of it. The good man in the Greek epigram that found a dead man's skull, in kindness digging a grave for it, opened the enclosures of a treasure.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

MINING.—According to Dr. Barham, one-half of the Cornish miners die of consumption, between the ages of thirty-five and fifty.

DROWNING.—Dr. Marshall Hall gives the following directions for restoring a drowned person: Place him upon his face and breast, so that the tongue may not remain upon the top of the glottis; then turn the body slowly upon its side, and then as slowly return it to its first position. Do this in the open air if the temperature be not below fifty degrees, Fahr., until breathing is restored, and then use friction vigorously, and give stimulants judiciously.

TOMBSTONE.—French sorrow and sentiment are illustrated at Montmartre cemetery, where a tombstone has been erected, with a colossal tear carved upon it, and, underneath it, these words: "Judge how we loved him!"

THE PAST.—What is every day of a wise man's life, but a censure or critique on the past?—*Pope.*

LAZINESS.—Gibbon was very lazy. Gray wished to be always lying on a sofa, reading eternal new novels of Crébillon and Marivaux. Fenton rose late. He died of sheer inactivity.—*D'Israeli.*

CRIMINOLOGY.—Henry IV. of France was saved from assassination by hiding under his queen's hoop-skirt.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.—Mohammed once heard one of his followers say, "I will unloose my camel, and commit it to God."—"Friend, tie thy camel and commit it to God," was the advice of the prophet.

ANAGRAM.—The wife of Sir John Davies was prosecuted for libel. She endeavored to convince the court that she had the spirit of Daniel, by making the anagram, "Reveal, O Daniel," out of her maiden name, Eleanor Audley. The Dean of Arches answered the argument by making the following anagram out of her first married name, Dame Eleanor Davies: "Never so mad a lady."

CELIBACY.—Sigonius said he did not marry because Minerva (the goddess of wisdom) and Venus (the goddess of love) could not live together.

GOVERNMENT.—The early settlers of Connecticut proclaimed that the colony should be governed by the laws of God, until they had time to make better.—*Washington Irving.*

THINKING accelerates the circulation of the blood; hence, literary pursuits are conducive to longevity.

DESCARTES believed that he had discovered the art of living five hundred years. When he died, before the age of sixty, his associates were convinced that he had been poisoned.

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.—Neither of them scrupled to tell direct untruths and to make false promises. But, if any distinction is to be made, Isabella excelled her husband in disregard of veracity, and it even seems to have been a matter of understanding between them that, when any flagrant falsehood was to be uttered, she should do it. She appears to have been very liable to mistake her own interests for those of God, whose name she had constantly on her lips, or to substitute self-glorification for real love of the people.—*Bergenroth.*

WOMAN.—The Chunchos in South America believe that women are impure beings, and were created for the torment of man, and that their flesh is to be eschewed as in the highest degree poisonous.—*London Quarterly.*

SLEEP.—It is so like death that I cannot trust myself to it without my prayers.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*



WOMAN'S VOICE.

"Her voice was ever low,
Gentle and soft—an excellent thing in woman." KING LEAR.

NOT in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn—
Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,
Is earth's best music; these may move awhile
High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger, and to bear the harm—
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is, and ever lent
To truth and love, and meekness; they who own
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sorrowed—
By patience never tired, from their own trials borrowed.

An excellent thing it is, when first in gladness
A mother looks into her infant's eyes,
Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sadness,
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—
All these come ever blent with one low gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving,
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares,
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving
With strangest thoughts, and with unwonted fears;
Then, then a woman's low, soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone,
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth—
How their two hearts are one, and she his own;
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden tells!

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AS A CABINET-MAKER.

A CHAPTER FROM THURLOW WEED'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN the winter of 1865, I received a note from President Lincoln, asking me to come to Washington. Immediately after my arrival, I called at the White House, and, although early, several persons were waiting to see the President. Mr. Lincoln requested me to call at an hour indicated, when I found him alone. He commenced the conversation by saying: "You will remember that, after the result of the late presidential election was known, I told you that I expected to have more influence with the President, now that he had got a new lease. You and your friends thought that they were severely tried during my first four years. I did not say much about it then, but intended, if circumstances were favorable, to even up the account. I shall have Mr. Fessenden's resignation of the Treasury Department on Monday. Now, if you had the vacancy to fill, whose name would you send to the Senate?"

I replied that, although wholly unprepared for such a question, yet I was not unprepared with a name that I would suggest for his consideration. I then mentioned Governor Morgan as, in my judgment, a suitable man for the place, provided it would answer to give the two leading places in his Cabinet to the State of New York.

"I anticipated this name," said Mr. Lincoln; "and even if I had not intended to consult your wishes, I should have felt quite safe in trusting the matter to your judgment. I can afford to give Governor Morgan the Treasury, even though Mr. Seward has the State Department; because the governor can be confirmed, and the people will sustain the appointment. But," he added, "this could not be done if a word or a whisper of it gets out. Can you and I keep the secret?" He then inquired if there was any doubt of Governor Morgan's acceptance. I told him I thought not; that he had been a capable and successful merchant; that he had shown great executive and financial ability as governor of our State; and that I could not doubt of his acceptance of a department in which he could render much greater service to his country. And, after some further conversation, Mr. Lincoln allowed me to suggest—in the strictest confidence, and in general terms—to Governor Morgan that a contingency might happen, in which he would be called to the discharge of other duties.

On my way to the cars, I stopped at Governor Morgan's house; and, after very earnest injunctions of secrecy, made the suggestion, in terms so vague and general, as to leave the governor wholly in the dark as to the nature of the duties referred to, and as to my authority to make the suggestion.

It was understood between Mr. Lincoln and myself that I should hasten home; and, without disclosing or intimating the possibility of a vacancy in the United States Senate, do whatever might be done, with the knowledge I possessed, to give the proper direction to the question of filling Governor Morgan's place in the Senate.

On my arrival at Albany, I had not a little curious conversation with Governor Fenton, without whose coöperation it would have been impossible to move satisfactorily. I found that the gentlemen toward whom attention would naturally be drawn for such a position, resided in the western part of the State. I suggested Lieutenant-Governor Selden, or Judge J. C. Smith, as available; but I soon discovered that the governor, like some of his predecessors, had aspirations for the United States Senate, when the time and opportunity should arrive. We then talked with less restraint of candidates in other portions of the State; and I left him with the belief that, should it become necessary to act, we could agree upon a suitable candidate. I now, however, with a better knowledge of his tactics, am confident that, had Governor Morgan accepted the Treasury Department, Governor Fenton would have been a candidate for the vacancy.

When the time came for Mr. Lincoln to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Fessenden, he took the Senate and the country by surprise in the nomination of Governor Morgan; who—so entirely had I failed to prepare him for the event—was quite as much surprised as his colleagues. Governor Morgan—as soon as he could leave his seat—went over to the White House, and informed the President that he must decline the appointment. He consented, however, to leave the matter over two or three days, giving both himself and the President time for consideration. I returned immediately to Washington; and, after a long interview with Governor Morgan, was constrained to report his persistent declination to the President. I

failed, however, as I then and now believe, to ascertain what were Governor Morgan's real reasons for refusing the Treasury Department. Upon reporting that failure to Mr. Lincoln, he said: "That is very awkward, but we must look elsewhere for a secretary. Who is your next man?" I replied that I was too much mortified by this misfire to try again. Mr. Lincoln said: "I am disappointed, for I thought Governor Morgan would be willing to help us 'run the machine;' but I had two other men in my mind. What do you say to Mr. McCulloch or Mr. Hooper?" I replied that I had a high appreciation of the character and services of both gentlemen, but that I was personally almost unknown to them; that Mr. McCulloch had been brought to Washington by Secretary Chase, and might be fairly supposed to have imbibed his views and impressions; and that I had no reason to believe that Mr. Hooper sympathized with Governor Seward or his friends. Mr. Lincoln laughingly remarked that he supposed I could not forget how Massachusetts disappointed me at Chicago; adding, that it was hard for Governor Seward to be crowded out by a new man. And then he renewed his request for me to name a man. I then said: "Why not call Mr. Adams home?" "I have thought of that too," said Mr. Lincoln; "but will it do to have so long an interregnum?" I remarked that I thought Mr. Chandler, the assistant-secretary, capable and trustworthy. "True," said Mr. Lincoln, "we know that here; but will it do to let the financial department, on which so much depends, be run by deputy?" I then spoke of Senator Foster. "An excellent man," said Mr. Lincoln; "and one whom I would readily appoint, if Connecticut were large enough to be entitled to two members of the Cabinet." I finally suggested Mr. Hamlin. "Hamlin," said Mr. Lincoln, "has the Senate on the brain, and nothing more or less will cure him." And then I gave it up; and Mr. Lincoln said: "Let us fall back on Mr. McCulloch, who now seems most available;" adding, that he would hold the question open for two or three days, giving me time to confer as freely and frequently as I desired with that gentleman.

I found myself not a little embarrassed on my way—one Sunday morning—to the residence of Mr. McCulloch. The idea of establishing relations with that gentleman, "on compulsion," seemed like seeking knowledge under difficulties. These difficulties, however, disappeared by degrees, as our conversation proceeded. There were two elements in the character of Mr. McCulloch on which, *per se*, I was disposed to rely. He had Scotch blood in his veins, and had been in politics a Whig.

This may be a proper occasion to say that, during my whole political life, in all similar conversations in reference to important political interests, I never asked or intimated a desire to receive, directly or indirectly, anything in the shape of a pledge or a promise; nor have I ever, in reference to such things, regarded a man from whom such pledges or promises were required, or who was capable of giving them, worthy of confidence or respect. After Mr. Lincoln's first election as President, he invited me to Springfield, where I passed two days with him in free consultation about the great questions upon which he would be called to act. Mr. Lincoln was frank and unrestrained, evidently inviting corresponding frankness and freedom on my part. His Cabinet, his inaugural, his policy, etc., etc., were fully discussed; and, when I was about to take my leave, Mr. Lincoln inquired, playfully, if I hadn't forgotten something; adding, after a moment's pause, "You have not asked for any offices." I replied that when the proper time arrived I should, probably, like hosts of other friends, ask for such favors. "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "you have the reputation of taking time by the forelock. I was warned to be on my guard against you; and the joke of the matter is, that those who gave the warning are after offices themselves, while you have avoided the subject."

But, going back to Mr. McCulloch—my interviews with that gentleman, if protracted, were made so by his intelligent, right-minded, and straightforward expression of views and opinions. If, in going to Mr. McCulloch, I had something of the feeling of "Toots" in calling on "Captain Cuttle" for the "favor of his friendship," I left him with a strong feeling of regard and confidence, and so reported to Mr. Lincoln, who immediately sent his name to the Senate—a step which neither Mr. Lincoln nor the people have had any occasion to regret. On the contrary, Mr. McCulloch proved himself an enlightened, independent, and upright Secretary of the Treasury. To the friends whom I represented he was just and faithful. To myself, who was frequently compelled to occupy his time and attention, he was uniformly courteous

and patient—always granting what was proper, and in his power to grant—and never refusing without a good reason, and in a friendly spirit. All my recollections of Mr. McCulloch in his department—the only place, I am sorry to say, that I ever met him—are pleasant ones.

BAZAAR AT CAIRO.

FEW painters of Eastern life and manners have caught so thoroughly the spirit or portrayed so faithfully the costumes of the Orient as the French artist Gérôme, one of whose illustrations, representing a Cairene merchant of costumes in the bazaar, will be found on the first page of this number of the JOURNAL.

A well-known American traveller in Egypt, writing recently to his journal from Cairo, complains bitterly of the innovations (he denies they are improvements) introduced by the new French régime into Egypt, and which are sadly marring and rapidly destroying the peculiar features of that most peculiar life and country.

Ten years since, Cairo, with the exception of Damascus and Bagdad, was the best remaining realization of those wondrous "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" which used to be the delight of childish days, before children were converted by "progress" into the "young ladies and gentlemen" we now see in and out of *Punch*. To many of us it has chanced that the dreams of our childhood found material embodiment in the city of old Cairo. These things Gérôme, earlier, Carl Haag later, saw, and reflected on their canvas the kaleidoscopic tints, both in their brighter lights and more sombre shades.

Cairo, or El-Masr—a contraction of its old Arabic name, "Mus-el-Kahera" (the City of Victory), as the natives always call it—used, until recently, to be of the East, Eastern; the identical city Schezerade described—every character and each phase of inner and out-door life finding its counterpart on her Ezbekieh (public garden), or mysterious houses, with dead walls, and lattices high in air for windows. How all this has been changed, we learn from the lament of our friend, returning to Cairo after fourteen years' absence. This is the language he uses:

"The Ezbekieh exists no longer. The greater part of the square is cut up into building-lots, but nobody builds on them, and they lie open, a dusty abomination. All along the sides of the square are the lowest and vilest of European drinking-shops and dance-houses. The whole aspect of the Mouskee and Ezbekieh is fast getting to resemble the poorer streets and squares of Genoa or Marseilles."

It is well, therefore, for us to catch and stamp upon our memories these fast-dissolving views of a life, a costume, and a social system, in all respects the exact antipodes of our own, ere they become the property of tradition, or vanish from spots easily accessible to our busy generation, seeking shelter and escape from Western civilization in the remote regions where they had their birth.

Like the bath and the harem, the bazaar is a "peculiar institution" of the East; and the bazaars of Cairo used to be, and we believe still are, remarkably good samples of their kind, more characteristic even than, though not so imposing as, those of Constantinople. For the bazaars at Stamboul are under cover, enclosed and roofed in, like our modern market-places, with stall-like shops, niched in at the sides, a broad passage-way dividing them; while at Cairo, though a few of the smaller bazaars are roofed in, yet the greater portion and the best shops are on the street, in open air, the entire absence of rain in that region rendering an *al fresco* "gold-room" both practicable and pleasant.

Suppose yourself, then, gentle reader, transported to Cairo, in the days of which we speak, and desirous of reducing the rigidity of your purse and the itchings of your curiosity by a visit to these bazaars, to the evident satisfaction of your polyglot or polygamous dragoman, be he servile and slippery Maltese, or dignified and dirty but equally rapacious Egyptian.

You sally forth, then, fearfully and wonderfully arrayed in an insane imitation of the native costume (as far as fez, striped-silk shawl, blue veil, and red-morocco slippers, with upturned toes, can translate you), and—

"Led by your dusky guide,
Like Morning led by Night,"

while a whole troop of yelling donkey-boys, in no costume to speak of, salute your departure, on the ass of your selection, with a chorus of

curses—or what sounds like them in Arabic—you are off for the bazaars.

Leaving Sheppard's Hotel, you jog on your donkey across the pleasant paths which lead through the shady Ezbekieh, whose sycamores and acacias, planted by order of Mehemet Ali, are now being uprooted by his grandson, the present Khédive, who seems to hate a tree as much as though born and bred an American.

Emerging on the other side of this magnificent park, or garden, you enter the Mouskee, a short, broad street, in which are to be found the few shops of European traders resident at Cairo (then numbering thirty or forty, now as many hundreds), small, shabby, and dirty. Diverging in all directions from this street—the terminus of the European, or Frank, quarter—run numerous narrow, winding, crooked streets or lanes, hedged in by high houses, whose latticed windows jut out farther into the street with each successive story, until but a narrow strip of sky is visible above. Through these narrow passages, thronged with men, women, and children, laden camels and donkeys, full of pushing and perspiring humanity, your dragoman noisily forces his way, and you silently follow—the damp coolness of these shady streets contrasting forcibly with the glare and heat of the open Ezbekieh and Mouskee from which you have emerged.

After what seems to you many hair-breadth escapes from being flattened, like a pancake, against the walls by loaded camels, or trampled under the hoofs of the prancing Arab steed of some bey or pacha, sublimely indifferent to vulgar beings, you finally reach the bazaars, or rather the street thereof, where you find comparative quiet, rest, and safety. There the pungent odor of "Araby the Blest"—that peculiar acrid smell of the Eastern bazaar, so indescribable to those who have never inhaled it—suddenly smites your nostrils, and there abides after many ablutions.

For, sooth to say, a bad cold, a thing elsewhere to be objugated, is not a bad preparative for the enjoyment of an Eastern bazaar.

The *sookhs*, or business-streets, are composed of rows of shops, if we may dignify by that title the square niches in the wall, whose floor is not elevated more than two or three feet from the ground, without door or window, open to the street, and with no sign or counter, or other shopkeeping contrivance in lieu of it. Often it boasts of no better roof than an old awning or a few boards slanting from the sides of the lofty houses in its rear. On shelves or in niches at the back of this shanty, the goods are stored away, a wooden shutter on a hinge—by day an awning, by night a door—alone protecting the property at night. When we add that in the meanest-looking of some of these shops are often stored away goods of considerable value, though small in bulk, and that all the idlers of the quarter know it, yet that such things as burglary or robbery are very rare, we must form a high estimate of the honesty of a people who, in a majority of instances, have abject poverty stamped upon their faces and persons. The floor of this niche is boarded over and carpeted with rugs, and on this rude divan squats and smokes, "from morn till dewy eve," the shopman and his friends, as well as any customer who may chance to call, to whom pipes and patience, coffee and courtesy, are ever liberally accorded. The tradesman is unhappy if the price he names be promptly accepted, and the bargain concluded. That is not his idea of business. He expects a long negotiation, punctuated by pipes, and in a trade between natives the discussion gets so animated and angry, as to threaten assault and battery, and the purchaser gets up several times—goes away—and returns to the expectant trader, who relishes, though he perfectly understands, the pantomime. But these remarks apply more particularly to the class of small traders than to the dignified merchant of greater capital and pretensions, who is represented in Gérôme's picture. He is either a Turk or Persian; grave, sedate, and dignified, and as dissimilar to the excitable and vivacious Arab as is a mastiff to a spaniel. He will not condescend to the pantomime practised by the other, for he has too much self-respect, and is much too indolent, to play such a part.

But his courtesy is as great as his gravity and his dignity. He does the honors of his stall like a prince, and his snowy turban, long *caftan* (gown), and venerable beard flowing down like floss-silk over his breast, cause him to resemble one. Yet, as you see, there is "speculation in his orbs," and the venerable man has actually converted himself into a walking bazaar, with Turkish cimeter from Damascus in silver sheath, dangling from his peaceful loins, an embroidered jacket thrown over his shoulder, and a silken scarf hanging from his left arm, all on exhibition to a small group of four custom-

ers, all of different nationalities, as shown by costume and countenance.

The cimter, with hilt of rhinoceros-horn, and curved blade, on which are inscribed verses from the Koran, has attracted the attention of the Turkish *cavass*, or mercenary soldier, who is apparently examining the temper of the blade, or the inscription thereupon. Armed to the teeth, with sword at side, and two pistols ostentatiously displayed in his sash, he is quite the ruffian he looks; equally ready for riot or crime, and as reckless of his own life as of that of others.

His companion, who is also eagerly examining the same cimter, and whose costume so is dissimilar, is an Arnaout or Albanian soldier, whose semi-Greek costume and blood have not made him a whit less savage in nature or in habits than his Turkish *confère*. In fact, he is apt to be the worse devil of the two, and his face indicates it unmistakably; though his gay, half-Greek costume, and long gun with crutchlike stock, make him the more picturesque vagabond of the two. The other two are evidently mere passers-by, attracted by curiosity and the love of seeing the progress of a trade; both strong passions with the native Egyptian. And these are to the "manor born" Egyptians, *pur sang*, which none of the others are. One is probably a neighboring trader, the other the servant of some rich bey or pacha.

In the background, on one side you behold a group of low-class Egyptians playing checkers, and gambling for *paras* (the fractional part of our cent), with as much eagerness as though the stake were gold instead of copper. Watching them with eager interest, sits the *chiboukji* or pipe-bearer of the merchant, his master's Persian *narghilé* in his hand, in the light and airy costume so well adapted to this climate. In the dim distance you see the muffled figures of two women, carefully shrouded, and veiled from the gaze of man; but whose costume is not suggestive of the symmetry of the fair forms it may or may not so effectually conceal. The latticed window above, from which these caged birds look out upon the world of their narrow street, indicates that it is a harem they are entering, into which their sable guide and guardian, of neuter gender, has preceded them.

The face and attitude of the old merchant make a good study. He is watching with penetrating eye and immovable *sang froid* the intent faces of the prospective purchasers, whose whole armory of weapons cannot protect them against his superior craft and management. On his extended fingers he is indicating the price he will take for the corset cimter, three hundred piasters probably, as his three fingers only are open.

With our best wishes that the old gentleman may have the best of the bargain, let us make our salaam and stroll on.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, the eminent naturalist, is descended from two men of great note in their day and way, one of them distinguished for speculative, and the other for applied science. His paternal grandfather was Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the author of the once famous "Botanic Garden," and of a curious physiological essay entitled "Zoonomia;" while on the mother's side the grandfather of the subject of our memoir was Josiah Wedgwood, the inventor of "Queen's ware," whose taste and skill raised English pottery to the dignity of a fine art, and added incalculably to the wealth of his country.

Mr. Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, on February 12, 1809, his father being Dr. Robert Waring Darwin, a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was educated at the Shrewsbury school under Dr. Butler, afterward Bishop of Lichfield, and in the winter of 1825 went, for two years, to the University of Edinburgh. After this he proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his B. A. degree in 1831.

Mr. Darwin inherited from the author of "Zoonomia" that love of natural history and the allied sciences which has been the labor and the pleasure of his life. In the autumn of 1831 Captain FitzRoy, R. N., having offered to give up part of his own cabin to any naturalist who would accompany H. M. S. Beagle in her surveying voyage and circumnavigation, Mr. Darwin volunteered his services without salary. His scientific acquirements were already so well known that the offer was at once accepted, Mr. Darwin stipulating only that he should have the absolute disposal of all his collections.

The Beagle sailed from England December 27, 1831, and returned on the 27th October, 1836. During this absence of nearly five years,

Bahia, Rio Janeiro, Montevideo, St. Julian and Santa Cruz, the Falkland Islands, Terra del Fuego, Valparaiso, Lima, the Pacific Islands, New Zealand, Australia, and the Mauritius, were visited and examined. In 1834, during his absence, Mr. Darwin was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1839 Mr. Darwin published a volume as part of Captain FitzRoy's general work, descriptive of this voyage. The interest excited by this, one of the most graphic, and at the same time most philosophic book of travels that was ever published, led to its reproduction in a modified form, in 1845, under the title of "Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries visited during the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle round the World." This Journal shows Mr. Darwin to have been a singularly close observer of every phenomenon in natural history, and of every variety of condition, physical and mental, of the people whom they visited during this remarkable voyage, and exhibits the possession of perceptive powers of the highest order. No single phenomenon is described by Mr. Darwin until after it has been most cautiously examined, and the reader of the Journal is soon impressed with the persuasion that the facts narrated are placed beyond a doubt, and that his reasonings on those facts are ever guided by a system of most severe inductive philosophy. This is most especially exemplified in Mr. Darwin's reasonings on the origin of the coral reefs of the Pacific.

In the beginning of 1839 Mr. Darwin married his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, and shortly after took up his residence at Down, near Farnborough, in Kent. For twenty-six years, in the retirement of his home, Mr. Darwin has devoted himself to the care of a large family, and the quiet and close investigation of the works of Nature. His first labors, after this date, were editing the "Zoology of the Voyage of the Beagle," giving an account of the habits and ranges of the various animals therein described. In aid of the publication of this and other works bearing on the same subject, the Lords of the Treasury granted £1,000. In 1842 Mr. Darwin published his work on "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs;" in 1845 "Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands," and in 1846 "Geological Observations on South America."

Continuing, without rest, his researches, we find the results of his unwearying industry in two volumes published in 1851 and 1854, "On Pedunculated and Sessile Cirripedes," and, in two other volumes, on the fossil species of the same class.

Toward the close of 1859 Mr. Darwin published his "Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection." Of this work four English editions have appeared, and nine foreign editions, in French, German, Dutch, Italian, and Russian. Its popularity will be shown by the fact that more than one hundred reviews, pamphlets, and separate books, have been published upon it, while the earnestness with which the question brought under notice by Mr. Darwin is still discussed, appears to show that these will be probably doubled in a short space of time. In a few words, our author has himself expressed the theory he teaches; these few we extract from the last edition of the "Origin of Species:" "As man can produce, and certainly has produced, a great result by his methodical and unconscious means of selection, what may not *natural selection* effect? Man can act only on external and visible characters. Nature (if I may be allowed thus to personify the natural preservation of varying and favored individuals during the struggle for existence) cares nothing for appearances, except in so far as they are useful to any being. She can act on every internal organ, on every shade of constitutional difference, on the whole machinery of life. Man selects only for his own good, Nature only for that of the being which she tends. Every selected character is fully exercised by her, and the being is placed under well-suited conditions of life."

In 1853 the Royal Society awarded to Mr. Darwin the royal medal, and, in 1859, the Wollaston medal was given to him by the Geological Society. In 1862 he published a book full of curious research, "On the Various Contrivances by which Orchids are Fertilized." Of separate papers, published by this naturalist, we find the following among the more important: "On the Connection of Certain Volcanic Phenomena in South America;" "On the Distribution of Erratic Boulders in South America;" "On the Formation of Mould by the Earthworm;" and "On the Géology of the Falkland Islands"—all published in the Transactions of the Geological Society. In the Journal of the Linnean Society, three papers have appeared from the pen of Mr. Darwin, "On the Dimorphous and Trimorphous States of Primula," and one paper "On the Movements and Habits of Climbing

Plants." This last one has since been published as a separate work. In 1864 the Royal Society awarded to Mr. Darwin the Copley medal, and he has been elected a member of various foreign scientific bodies.

While no one questions Mr. Darwin's eminence as a naturalist, his "Origin-of-Species" theory has given rise to one of the hottest controversies of modern times. His views are adopted by some of the most eminent men of science, while by others and by theologians generally they are denounced as fantastic and atheistical. Of the truth or falsehood of his theory, we have no opinion to express. We merely propose to state, as plainly as possible, what the theory is.

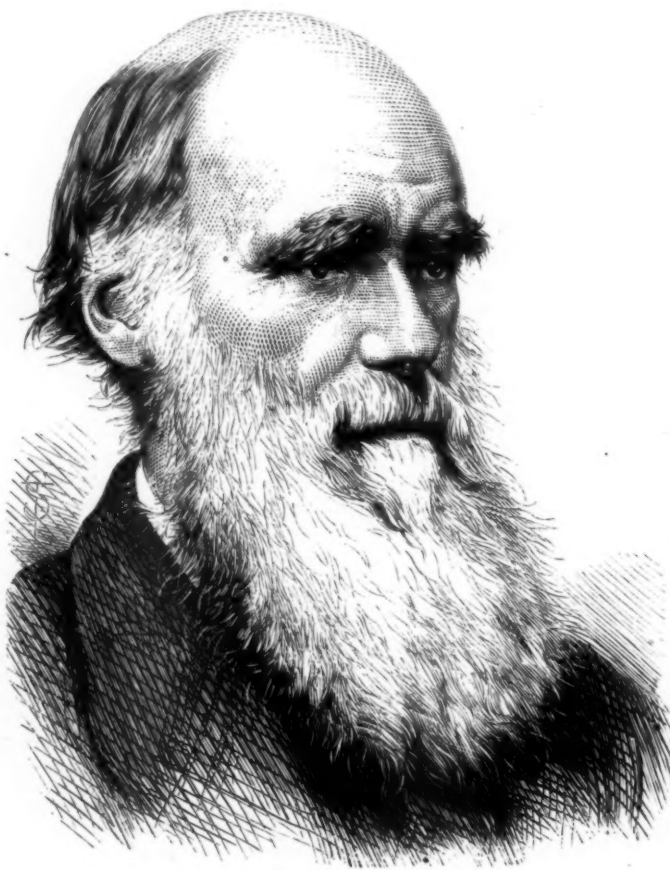
Broadly expressed, Darwinism is the attempt to account for the present and past diversities of life on our globe by means of continuous development without the intervention of special "creative flats" at the origin of each distinct species. Every living being has the power of transmitting to its offspring its general characteristics. For instance, the children of black parents are black, not white, and *vice versa*. The offspring of the horse follows the species in general appearance, strength, intelligence, etc. The Scripture proverb, "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles" gives the substance of this property of life. This property is known as *heredity* or *atavism*. But, though *heredity* exists everywhere, it is a truism—so much so that it has not heretofore received the attention it deserved—that the offspring are not identical with the parents. However much children may resemble the father or mother, an acute observer will quickly detect some well-marked difference. This is called *variation*. Mr. Darwin holds that it is by the accumulation continued for the countless ages of past time of such slight variations as we now see, and their transmission by means of *heredity*, that all our present diversities of life originated. It will be asked, Why is there any accumulation, and how is it brought about?

The enormous reproductive powers of even the most slow-breeding mammals, such as man and the elephant, could in a very short time stock the world. The well-known formula of Malthus expresses this fact as follows: beings increase in geometrical progression (2, 4, 8, 16, etc.), while the means of subsistence can only increase in arithmetical progression (1, 3, 5, 7, etc.). This must lead to an enormous destruction of living beings, and produces, what has been well termed, a "struggle for existence." In this struggle, as in every other, the organism best prepared comes off victorious. The very smallest varia-

tion from the parent-form may be of advantage—for in this *life-battle* parents are against children, and children against parents. The case of the queen-bee, which slaughters her fertile daughters, or is slaughtered by them, shows this conclusively. The accumulation, therefore, takes place because these variations are *useful* to the beings in their successive struggles for existence. No quality ever arises or is ever inherited for the exclusive benefit of any other being, whether it is related to the one in question or not. This accumulation of variations is strictly *utilitarian*.

It is well known that in the hands of breeders useful peculiarities in their animals are perpetuated by pairing those which show such peculiarity. Our present improved breeds of long-horned and short-

horned cattle, race-horses, merino-sheep, "carrier," "tumbler," "pouter," and "fan-tail," pigeons, etcetera, demonstrate that these peculiarities may not only be perpetuated, but that they can be increased largely if not indefinitely. It is said there are one hundred and fifty varieties of pigeons alone from a single parent—the rock-pigeon—and all, who have given the most cursory attention to the structural and visible differences between even the most allied breeds, must be struck with astonishment at what has been accomplished. This process is known as *selection*, and is used by man exclusively for his own benefit. Mr. Darwin extends this procedure to Nature, with an important change in its object. Man can only select visible characteristics; Nature, on the contrary, is continually scrutinizing the whole being, and as continually stamping with approval those variations which are useful to the organism. This principle works altogether by



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

means of life and death—the latter being the penalty of a failure to meet successfully the circumstances in which a being is placed, be those circumstances physical or vital, enemies or forces—in a word, "the conditions of existence." An illustration, given by Professor Huxley will serve to fix this in the mind: "If the woods of Florida there are many pigs, and, very curiously, they are all black. Professor Wyman, many years ago, asked some of the people why they had no white pigs, and was informed there was a root in the woods (called paint-root), of which, if the white pigs eat, their hoofs cracked and they died, while it did not hurt the black pigs at all." This weeding-out on the one side, and preservation on the other, is what is meant by *natural selection*.

In brief, then, Mr. Darwin holds that all our present forms of life, different as they appear, can be explained by "descent with modifica-

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THE GARDENS OF THE SOUTH.

THE facilities afforded by the rich alluvial lands of the Lower Mississippi for all agricultural purposes are proverbial the world over. The towering cypress, the unrivalled live-oak, and the fragrant, gigantic magnolia, attest the wonderful producing-power of the rich soil. The climate is also mild, and thus all natural causes combine to encourage the industry of the planter and the florist. It has never been a necessity—and has therefore not become a custom—in the Southwest to enter upon those costly luxuries of more northern civilization known as expensively-cultivated gardens. The denizens of more favored lands of the South have ever possessed, in the spontaneous productions of Nature in floral wealth, treasures superior to the most abundantly-rewarded efforts of practical horticulturists living in the bleak regions of the North. For in the South it is common to find in abundance the year round, growing by the road-side and sheltered in the forests, plants and flowering shrubs which, if only imperfectly produced as exotics, would call forth the most enthusiastic admiration.

The charming cartoon we present of a Southern garden suggests how magnificent are the rewards of taste when turned in this direction under the favorable auspices of a favored climate and the possession of a virgin soil. In more northern latitudes, we may, by the expenditure of large sums of money, and under the forcing efforts of hot-houses, and the grotesque expedient of absolutely clothing our favorite plants half the year round, have a short-lived summer presenting us with many of the rich varieties of gorgeous flowers and rare shrubs peculiar to the South; but they ever remain, under the most favorable circumstances, stunted and imperfect, checked, withered, and discouraged, suffering from the baleful airs that come sweeping down from the Arctic zone.

It would be impossible, in our limited space, to designate in detail the wealth of a Southern garden, nor could we give a clear idea in words of the rapid growth which characterizes its development. So nearly are all the trees evergreen, that the russet of the fall varies but little from the crisp and dried look of the intensest summer heats. All the year round there is a succession of flowers. In the winter months, the most charming of all buds—that of the orange—is in perfection; their fascinating brilliancy of white, which speaks so eloquently of purity, contrasts on the same stem with the golden, ripened fruit. As the winter months wear away, the ground becomes alive with the spontaneous growth of the crocus, jonquil, and hyacinth; and the first breath of spring unfolds the innumerable varieties of the fragrant jessamine.

The banana, the enormous leaves and stalk of which sank withered and blasted, as if by fire, at even the suspicion of a frosty breath, now awakens to an absolute resurrection; for it thrusts up its delicate green stalk from the living root with a rapidity of movement visible to the eye, and, unfolding its broad leaves, waves them like banners on the balmy breeze.

The hedges, interlaced and massed with innumerable shrubs, protrude their buds, and then shut out the sun by their wealth of vernal green. The innumerable creeping plants, which in their profusion seem determined to possess every unoccupied nook of garden, house, or wall, are pendent with gems; and grand in this graceful family of wreathing beauties is the "running rose-bush," that mounts high above all its ambitious rivals, and furnishes its floral beauties in "bouquets," instead of isolated buds and flowers.

The wonderful magnolia, which has gone through the winter defiantly displaying its metallic-green and varnished foliage, now gives signs of donning a new dress. It wears for a few days a rusty appearance, by turning toward the sun the gray, velvety lining of its large crisp leaves, and then shoots out its buds. It is a strange sight to see that monarch of the forest enrobing itself in its spring garb, and becoming a gigantic cone of buds, as pure and white and delicate in texture as those of the fragrant lemon, and yet each individual specimen more than a span in diameter.

In the Southern garden, which, when carefully attended and tastefully planned, is almost without exception the result of woman's taste

and inspiration, are to be found many contributions familiar and natural to the Atlantic coast. The raspberry, so familiar to our Northern readers, in the Southern garden is essentially an exotic, and, because of the difficulty of acclimating it, and the gracefulness of its fruit, it is a favorite. It has to be carefully protected from the intense heat of the sun, and the rich soil has to be neutralized by foreign substances; even under modifying circumstances, the reward beyond possessing a vigorous shrub is uncertain. The cherry-tree, which has its admirers in the South, also changes its nature. Under the superior advantages of soil and climate, the cherry-tree assumes the habits of the genuine aristocrat. It spurns the labor of yielding any return for its culture, except the shade that comes from its now exaggerated branches. The fruit ceases to be borne, and the humble, useful cherry-tree of the New-England cottage, emblazons itself into a showy, gay, but nevertheless sprightly evergreen tree. But some of our Northern favorites act in better spirit, and show their sense of obligation by enlarging their natural advantages without losing their individuality or materially changing their habits. This good character is especially due to the heaven-blessed family of roses. They flourish in all their primeval charms everywhere, the solace of the humble, the most precious adornment of the proud. In the Southern garden, by a little judicious pruning and confining the root to one parent stock, the rose becomes a miniature tree, yet loses none of its choicest qualities for fragrance and delicacy. The moss-rose really assumes, when first seen by a stranger, an almost unnatural extent. Its buds often grow to the size of a pigeon's-egg, covered with enfolding leaves and integuments which seem to be involved in a humming-bird's nest of cinnamon and emerald-tinted moss.

To the Southern garden exclusively is attached that Puck of the woodland wilds, the inimitable mocking-bird. He is brave, sociable, and useful. He is a game-looking bird, of quiet-gray colors, with nothing about his plumage to separate him from the rough coverings of bark, and the pendent moss, that hangs in such weird grandeur from the limbs of decaying trees.

Over the summer-house of the Southern garden, though occupied by visitors, the mocking-bird will perch, and curiously peer down on his human companions, as if he would divine their thoughts. He will sympathize with the sounds of human voices, enjoys the conversation, and the laughter and wrangling of children. Under such circumstances, he will dash from limb to limb as if crazed with excitement, occasionally giving vent to his spirit in carols that are full of genius and heavenly melody; or, perhaps, inspired with some heroic idea, he will crowd into rapid measure the impotent resentment of the chicken-hawk and the screams of the bald eagle. And when evening sets in, and the moon rises over the charms of a Southern garden; when the night is warm, and the lattice is up, and the door is open to catch a passing breath of air; when the flowers have gone to sleep, leaving their fragrance to literally load the air; when Nature is half exhausted under this semi-tropical climate of the South, the mocking-bird, perched upon some dead limb, that prominently protrudes beyond the rich purple foliage, will pour out his song of praise, his wonderful overture of sweet notes, inspiring all living things within the sounds of his miraculous organ with a dreamy sense of pleasure and admiration, which seems to be consonant with the floral wealth of the Southern garden.

We are justly proud, in the North, of our conservatories and our public parks. The time must come, however, when our Southern cities will possess these health-inspiring places of recreation, associated and adorned with local peculiarities growing out of natural advantages that will make them unprecedentedly attractive. The severity of the climate of the North limits variety; the extreme heat of the tropics destroys umbrageous foliage, and makes the floral world sensational. It is in the happy medium offered by the climate of the Southern States that we must eventually look for and find Nature under high artificial cultivation, presenting attractions that will have no rivals in any other part of the world.

TABLE-TALK.

THERE are certain complaints publishers of periodicals are apt to receive from subscribers, which are so unreasonable, that we must crave the indulgence of the reader in a little space to reply to them. These complaints are levelled against the appearance of advertise-

ments in their favorite journals, the assumption apparently being that, having purchased a copy of a periodical, or subscribed to it, the length and breadth of the sheet is the reader's property, and should be filled with literature. Now, to these complaints or assumptions there are two answers. The first is that, by means of the revenue from advertisements, the publishers are enabled to give their subscribers a far more valuable journal than they otherwise could afford to do. With very many periodicals the greater part of the cost of illustrations and contributions is paid for by advertisements, the sheet itself being sold for little more than the bare cost of the white paper and the printing. The subscriber is really obtaining, for almost nothing, that which cost a large outlay; and the advertisers, instead of being objects of his denunciation, are entitled to his gratitude. If any complaints are pertinent in the matter at all, they should come from the advertisers, who would seem to be paying more than their proportion of the expense; but intelligent advertisers usually concede that this liberality, jointly theirs and the publisher's, extends the circulation of the publication, and hence, in the end, redounds to their advantage. No circulation, attainable by a high-class weekly, would be sufficient to meet the outlay in producing this JOURNAL, if no revenue were derivable from advertisements. If advertisements were excluded, the price would have to be increased, or the expenses materially reduced. The second answer to these complaints is, that advertisements are really important in a journal, being, in fact, only so many items of information which it is desirable for people to know. Advertisers could not afford to advertise—and they pay large prices—if there were no response to their advertisements; and if responses come, the evidence is complete that the advertisements have been not only important to the advertiser, but useful to the reader. The advantages thus are entirely mutual. The reader often discovers in the advertising pages an announcement of new books that, as an intelligent man, he desires to be informed about, and which, in many cases, are of interest to him, or, possibly, of value to his business; he finds the particulars of a new household utensil, the purchase of which will abridge the labor or contribute to the comfort of his family; he learns the prices of apparel, and thus is enabled to employ his means judiciously and to the best advantage in procuring articles of the kind; he gathers information as to various forms of investment, by which he may place his reserved money in the best securities; in short, the advertising pages supply him with no little information vital to his comfort, or important to the right understanding of things about him. A journal without advertisements is incomplete, and keeps away from its readers many things they ought to know. Advertisements are a chronicle of the world's progress; they exhibit its industrial activity, and show what is doing in the world of thought, of invention, and of art. So much better is this all understood in England than with us, that there all the literary and scientific journals give very great space to advertisements, and have them always paged in the number, so that they may be bound in the yearly volume, and remain a permanent record of the business-aspect of the times. In an old newspaper or magazine the advertisements are often the most curious and instructive part of the publication, and serve the same purpose as old ballads and old songs do in throwing a valuable side-light upon the manners and habits of the people of a particular period. The social history of a people could be written from their advertisements. Literature proper exhibits the culture of a few; the literature of advertisements shows the tastes and culture of the multitude. Compare the chaste simplicity of an advertisement in the London *Spectator* with the strange jargon of one in the *Rocky Mountain Tomahawk*, and you will have the spirit of the two extremes of civilization. We once heard an intelligent gentleman declare that he read the advertisements in an English magazine with almost as much relias as he did the literary articles. If amusement could be derived from English advertisements, what must be said of American provincial ones, with all their splendid energy, their sounding pomp, and their wonderful grammar? A curious and entertaining book has been written on the History of Sign-Boards; a still more entertaining volume could be compiled from advertisements gathered from different times and various sources. It would be one of the richest collections of *disiecta membra* in history. In reference to the advertising-pages in this JOURNAL, our subscribers, we think, will concede that they have always been entirely unobjectionable as to subject, and have been printed in neat typography.

— New York is now in the midst of one of its annual agitations concerning the attempt of a portion of its citizens to suitably domicile

themselves. There is probably no other city in the Union, or on the globe, for the matter of that, wherein it is so difficult for the average family to find the average home. There are palaces for the rich, and there are tenements for the other extreme, but there are very few accommodations for that respectable many who have refinement, culture, and fair social standing, but with small incomes. There is an area in New York, extending from Washington Square northward for two miles or more, with Fifth Avenue as its centre line, the Fourth Avenue for the eastern, and the Sixth Avenue for its western lines, within which reigns almost exclusively a refined, wealthy, and admirably housed community. Outside of these limits there are a few scattered localities that are elegant, and a few respectable and neat, but the greater portion is packed thickly with tenement-houses, or is in a condition of decay, or presents a distasteful disorder. Within the sacred precincts named rentals are very high, and only the well-to-do can abide there; outside of this district rents are a little lower, but wherever a small section is found choice and complete within itself, and that New York dread—tenement-houses—kept at a distance, rents spring up almost to a rivalry with those within the true Belgravia. Hence it is that men of moderate means are utterly puzzled where to live. The smallest of houses, if in a pleasant neighborhood, with no nuisances near, will rent for fifteen hundred dollars yearly. Occasionally one is offered for a little less, but ordinarily if a man cannot pay a rent of fifteen hundred dollars he must live in an offensive neighborhood, or he must go to the country. So many are driven to the latter recourse, that desirable suburban houses, those near railway stations, and easy of access, almost rival town-houses in price. The difference at best is greater than it seems, for to the rent must be added yearly commutation on the train. And then a residence in the country, for one who does business in town, means getting up before daylight, a hurried breakfast by candle-light, a cold, chilly ride in the early morn, a late return at night; it means no theatres, no opera, no concerts, no lectures; it means a sight of your children only on Sundays, a loss of your old friends and acquaintances, and a sort of expatriation from society. To some this is tolerable, to others it is almost intolerable. Now unless the great middle class are to be driven out of New York, we must have a style of structure suited to their wants. Unfortunately, heretofore grand houses on one hand, and tenement-houses on the other, have been the most profitable to capitalists, and nothing has been done toward supplying the growing town with neat, small, well-finished houses in respectable neighborhoods, such as could be rented by families of refinement with incomes less than five thousand a year. A clerk in New York on a salary of three thousand dollars, if a man of family, is pretty nearly the poorest mortal alive. He can find no way to house himself with decency. If his tastes, or his social position, or his culture, were lower, he might go into a tenement-house and do very well; but this would be a loss of caste, and would be likely to prove an injury to his wife and daughters. If he could have the courage to be poor, and stand confessed as such, his difficulties would be remediable; but very few men are willing to sink out of the level they have occupied, and voluntarily accept a lower one. Social prejudices are possibly very absurd, but they are the life of society, and not many of us can successfully combat them. In New York, the rich are superbly housed, and the poor are comfortably provided for; the urgent need is for better provision for what we may call the cultivated poor—for clerks, for professors and teachers, for all salaried people, for reputable tradesmen, for widows and others with small, fixed incomes.

— The last novelty in the way of locomotion is the "pedespeed." What is the "pedespeed?" Withhold your admiration for a while, good reader, while we explain that it is a new device whereby every one of us may emulate the ancient Mercury, and have winged feet. To be more particular, the "pedespeed" is a wheel about fifteen inches in diameter, to which is attached certain stirrup-like appendages, on the bottom of which are foot-pieces shaped like ordinary skates. "On one side of the appendages are firmly-fastened metallic plates, each having a short axle, or bearing, projecting from its centre, upon which the wheels above mentioned turn. The stirrup-like appendages are made of flat strips of wood, about three inches wide in the broadest portion, bent so that one side is nearly straight, while the other is made to meet it about midway to form a sort of loop. In the bottom of this loop are placed the foot-pieces, provided with toe-straps and a clasp for the heel. To the upper end of the stirrups is attached a piece of wood to fit the outer and upper conformation of the calves

of the legs." This is the description given by our contemporary, the *Scientific American*, which also describes the operation of these "winged feet," as illustrated by a young gentleman, the son of the inventor. "In less time," says the *American*, "than it took us to note these points, the young gentleman had strapped on the wheels, and commenced rapidly gliding about among chairs and tables with singular swiftness and gracefulness. A space being cleared, he proceeded to execute, with seemingly-perfect ease, the inside and outside roll, figure of eight, etc., amply demonstrating that the 'pedespeed' has all the capabilities of the skate, both in the variety and grace of the evolutions that can be performed with it." The "pedespeed," we are told, is light and strong, and the inventor, a large and heavy man, can use it for hours without fatigue. Of course, practice would be required before one could manage this new device skillfully; and, like all inventions of the kind requiring a smooth surface for practice, it can be used only for exercise or pleasure. But, at least, it is one method of having skating all the year round; and it would certainly be an amusing sight to see our parks and pleasure-grounds filled with swift-running and graceful winged Mercuries. Let us add that the inventor, mindful of the times, has a variety of the "pedespeeds" adapted for women.

—An uncommonly-brilliant Sunday recently brought out into the streets of the metropolis vast numbers of people. It was the first genial spring-day of the season, and every one seemed eager to enjoy the sunshine and inhale the soft, pleasant air. Fifth Avenue was densely crowded with people—all in choice and elegant toilets. Few gayer scenes can be found than the one this fashionable avenue presents on a fine spring or autumn Sunday. And, on this occasion, for two long miles, a great multitude marched in stately procession up and down the wide and handsome street. There was no raggedness, no poverty, scarcely a shade of change, in the continued succession of richly-dressed people. To look upon the scene, it seemed as if only wealth, elegance, and ease prevailed in the city, and that all forms of degradation, all low and common conditions of life, were banished. But the writer chanced to stray from Fifth Avenue to another part of the city, and all at once found himself, as if by magic, amid utterly different surroundings. The streets were thronged, as on the avenue; but the prevailing tone was one of disorder, vulgarity, and even squalor. The streets were dirty, and the houses untidy; children, in all degrees of raggedness, but inspired with one common purpose of noise, hung about every doorstep; gangs of half-grown boys danced and sang at the street-corners; and men and women idly sauntered up and down, listless and purposeless, full of gossip, and contributing to the common confusion. Add to this picture streets filled with carts and trucks, and curb-stones lined with orange and candy vendors, and you will have some idea of how New York in its less favored districts looks on Sunday. A more animating scene than that which Fifth Avenue usually presents on this day cannot well be conceived, and a viler one than some of the side-avenues afford would be hard to match. New York lacks most essentially the quiet peace, the calm, tasteful aspect, of unpretentious, well-to-do neighborhoods. It is a city of sharp contrasts, and, whether seeking a domicile—as referred to in another paragraph—or merely enjoying the life of the streets, one finds no medium—he must be swept into the whirl of splendor on Fifth Avenue, or into the whirl of disorder in the side-streets.

Art, Music, and the Drama.

A SALE of great interest to artists and connoisseurs took place recently in Paris—namely, that of the Demidoff collection of pictures, removed from the palace of San Donato, near Florence. The prices realized were very high. At the first day's sale, the well-known Bonington "Henry IV. and the Spanish Ambassador," a little picture about the size of a sheet of foolscap, was run up by biddings of 10,000frs. each, followed by one of 20,000fr., until it was knocked down to M. André, the deputy, for 83,000fr., or about \$16,000. Two pictures by Delacroix, "Incidents in the Career of Columbus," brought \$6,000 and \$10,000; Gallari's "Duke of Alva," \$6,000, and his "Art et Liberté," \$5,000. At the second day's sale, Ary Scheffer's "Francesca di Rimini" fell to the Marquis of Hertford for \$20,000. Delaroche's "Peter the Great" realized \$4,000, his "Stratford" \$6,000, his "Cromwell" \$5,000, and his "Lady Jane Grey" was bought by Mr. Eaton, the member for Coventry, for \$22,000. It is believed that these sums are more than double what has been given for these pictures, respectively, before, and quite a

third more than they were expected to fetch before the sale. The third day's sale consisted exclusively of thirty-nine specimens of French art of the last century, and eleven sculptures in marble of more recent date. The sculpture subjects consisted of the well-known "Bacchante Couchée" of Clesinger, which was exhibited in Paris in 1848, and afterward at the first London International Exhibition in 1851, which sold for \$2,700; a masterpiece by Pradier, the "Satyre et Bacchante," which produced only \$2,060; a "Young Girl and Goat," by Canova, \$1,100; the "Premier Berceau," by Debay, \$3,600.

"L'autre," the new comedy by George Sand, is a success. "Like many former plays of the same author, this work, which is in four acts and a prologue, is occupied with speculations upon the social consequences of adulterous intrigue. Its heroine is a girl, who, guiltless herself, has to bear the weight of her mother's shame. The Comte de Mérangis neglects his young wife for a mistress. Yielding to the example of her husband, Madame de Mérangis accepts the passionate advances of a certain Dr. Maxwell. A daughter is the result of the intrigue. On the death of his wife, the count, who has received her dying confession, places her daughter Hélène with his mother, then challenges and severely wounds her lover. Fourteen years elapse, and Hélène, now sprung into womanhood, has received no marks of recognition from the count, who has married his former mistress. She has grown up in habits of closest intimacy with a certain Marcus, a relative of the countess; and love for each other has almost unconsciously taken possession of the hearts of both. Now comes the revelation of the birth of Hélène, and the girl finds herself regarded with coldness by those who had formerly been nearest to her. Endless difficulties and complications follow. Hélène will not accept a fortune to which she is not entitled; neither will she take to her lover a name linked with dishonoring associations. How this ends—by what means the difficulties are removed, and the union of the lovers is assured—is unimportant. The art of the author is shown in the manner in which, in the midst of selfish and conflicting interests, the passion of two young and innocent hearts is depicted."

Edwin Booth's long run of "Hamlet" came to a close the latter part of March, since which he has been acting Sir Giles Overreach, Claude Melnotte, and Macbeth. Mr. Booth's Sir Giles is a vigorous performance, not well sustained throughout, but exhibiting occasionally genuine power. The elder Booth was so great in this part, that the old theatre-goer is pretty sure to find a comparison between father and son considerably to the credit of the former; but young Booth in certain passages reminds one of the strange and fiery genius of the elder. Edwin Booth is rather too juvenile in appearance for the character, and in his make-up and action fails to realize in full the vehement, passionate, self-willed, powerful Sir Giles of the play. He is continually, as it were, letting the character slip out of his hands. But in bits the performance is supremely good—the death-scene in particular.

At the forthcoming exhibition in London of the Royal Academy, Mr. Millais, it is said, will appear in great force. His most important contribution will be an inundation scene, in which a little child is seen floating in its cradle on the surface of a flooded stream, and smilingly holding out its hands to clasp a bird that hovers in the air above it, while in the distance the father is seen putting off on a raft to rescue his child. Another of Mr. Millais's subjects is the young Raleigh sitting on the sea-shore and listening in rapt attention to the wondrous tales of a sailor from the Western main. A third and smaller painting represents a modern version of "The Widow's Mite."

There are in Europe, at the present time, fourteen hundred and eighty-two theatres, of which there are in France three hundred and thirty-seven, in Italy two hundred and eight, in Spain one hundred and sixty-eight, in Austria one hundred and fifty-two, in Prussia seventy-six, in Russia thirty-four, and in England one hundred and fifty-six.

We are told that a veritable painting by Rubens has been discovered in a church among the Finlanders. This should be added to the famous ninety-nine pictures by Rubens at Frankfurt, swelling the number to a round hundred.

There are two hundred artists in Düsseldorf, all busy in painting pictures, the greater part of which are for exportation. America is one of the best markets for these productions.

The *Nation* informs us that the opera fared so badly in New York last winter because the Russian opera was too slow, the French too fast, and the Italian too stale.

Mr. W. H. Beard is busy on a series of cartoons illustrating the legend of the Indian maiden who was transformed into a white doe.

Two new encyclopædias, devoted specially to music, are now in course of publication in Germany.

Literary Notes.

M. H. I. KLEIN, of Paris, has just published a "Manual of General Cosmography," presenting a complete exposition of our present knowledge of the constitution of the solar system. This work, modelled upon Alexander von Humboldt's "Cosmos," and compiled from the best sources, is of great merit, and replete with interest. The principal subjects treated are: the sun; the physical constitution of the solar system; the eclipses of the sun; the zodiacal light; Mercury, Venus; the earth, its size and form; the atmosphere; the satellite of the earth, lunar surface and eclipses; influence of the moon upon the earth; Mars, the asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune; comets, the heads, tails, and nucleus of comets, meteorites, bolides, shooting-stars, and their periodic returns in showers. Three tables, annexed to the work, contain the solar spots according to the drawings of Professor Spörer at Anclam, viz.: those of the 19th and 20th of May; 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of September; 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th of October, 1865; also the state of the surface of Mars and Jupiter, from the drawings of Professor H. J. Smith, director of the Athens Observatory; the aspect of Mars is magnified five hundred times, and that of Jupiter four hundred times. A third map, of great interest, represents the plain of Bullialdus on the moon, and its contours, according to Professor Smith's observations, from 1842 to 1868.

In a new London book, called "Scenes and Studies; or, Errant Steps and Stray Fancies," the author, Captain Clayton, meditates on the grave in the following fashion: "Hallo! stop! where are we? Where have we wandered, and to what has following our nose led us? To the grave, by all that's serious—ah, this is indeed a grave subject! But, no, not actually just yet—although following our nose is as certain to lead us ultimately to that bourn, as it is certain that others, in following theirs, will some day arrive at our mound, and perhaps *nose us—who knows?* Domine, *dirige nos*, then; and let us start again in some more pleasant direction."

M. Felix Clément has published in Paris a Dictionary of Operas ("Dictionnaire Lyrique; ou, Histoire des Opéras"), a vast volume of nearly eight hundred pages, double columns, affording "a sort of lyrical tomb, on which are inscribed the names of something like ten thousand dead musical dramas; and not only their names, but also particulars, and often abundant particulars, of their past lives."

The American Catalogue of Books for 1869, containing "complete monthly lists of all the books published in the United States during the year 1869, with statement of size, price, place of publication, and publisher's name," and accompanied by an alphabetical and classified index, is a valuable pamphlet for all book-buyers and for the trade. Published by Leypoldt & Holt, New York.

The "City-Mission Year-book," containing the "Forty-third Annual Report of the New-York City Mission and Tract Society, with Brief Notices of the Operations of other Societies, Church Directory, List of Benevolent Societies, and Statistics of Population," is an important manual for all interested in our city missions and public charities. It contains a vast fund of information on subjects connected with its objects. Published at No. 30 Bible-house.

Arthur Helps's new novel, "Cassimir Maremma," is written with the intent of encouraging emigration, and, like all novels written with a purpose, its interest is in part sacrificed to its moral. The title of the book is derived from the name of its hero, a Slavonian noble. The scenes of the work are English, and its animated dialogues render it readable, notwithstanding the attempted union of love and political economy.

In M. de Sainte-Beuve's library is a copy of the collected poems of Fontanes. Before he attracted the notice of the First Consul, Fontanes had prepared the edition; but, fearing his poems might interfere with the political career he was entering on, he suppressed the edition, and few copies seem to have escaped; perhaps M. de Sainte-Beuve's is the only one.

Bastiat, the great French political economist, is to have a statue erected to his memory at Mignon, where he resided. Of all the political economists, Bastiat is perhaps the least known in America, and yet no writer has rendered the subject of which he treats so luminous and entertaining. Political economy in his hands is as amusing and spirited as a novel—more so than many novels.

Punchinello, the new attempt at an American *Punch*, will succeed if it can develop a genius for humorous artistic designs. At the present time this talent scarcely exists in America, Mr. Stephens being pretty nearly the only draughtsman exhibiting facility in that direction.

Scientific Notes.

ON the evening of Saturday, the 26th of February, at a quarter to ten o'clock, the horizon of Paris was brilliantly illuminated by the passage of a magnificent meteor, whose brightness greatly exceeded that of Jupiter. Coming from the north-northeast, it described, in the space of three seconds, a trajectory of twenty-five degrees, from the constellation of the Unicorn, until past the star β of the Great Dog. This meteor, which was only of the third degree of magnitude, presented several features of great interest. Proceeding at a slow rate of speed, it exploded without breaking into fragments or emitting any perceptible sound, and then continued its course ten degrees farther, when it finally disappeared. This explosion was accompanied by a red light of such dazzling brilliancy that the eye was pained on beholding it, in spite of the foggy state of the atmosphere. The meteor, of an exceedingly delicate orange-yellow shade, was attended by a slight trail, perfectly transparent and phosphorescent, which, falling back upon itself, formed a small, bluish cloud, which vanished two or three minutes after the complete disappearance of the meteor.

M. Rodolphe von Brause, a civil engineer, has lately discovered a coal-deposit in the province of Sainte-Catherine, South Brazil, stretching over a district sixty miles in circumference. This coal-deposit, almost on a level with the soil, measures on an average one yard in thickness, and is twenty-one miles distant from the small port of Laguna, from which it is separated by a number of lagoons, which might easily be canalized and connected with each other. This coal is not a lignite, as might be supposed before due examination, but a fine black deposit, of brilliant aspect, schistose in texture, with pseudo-rectangular fractures. Although inferior in quality to the products of British coal-fields, it is superior to those of France or Belgium. This new Brazilian coal-field bears many points of resemblance to the coal-deposit of Eastern Virginia, in the United States, both being of comparatively recent formation when compared with other fields of the great carboniferous system.

A new general theory of the production of electricity was submitted by M. Deleuryer to the members of the French Academy at a recent meeting. He asserts that it is heat which, polarizing bodies, is the general source of static and dynamic electricity; that, under the influence of heat, active bodies, which are bad conductors of electricity, produce static electricity; while active bodies, which are good conductors of electricity, produce dynamic electricity; that friction, pressure, and chemical action produce heat, and that it is this heat alone which is always the cause of electricity. This new theory joins many phenomena together which the multiplicity of theories has hitherto kept far apart—chemical, thermo-electric, and physiological currents; static electricity produced by friction, pressure, cleavage, capillarity, electric fish, storms, etc.

M. Tessié du Motay has succeeded in obtaining a beautiful oxyhydric light (popularly known as the Drummond light), of great steadiness and brilliancy, by means of oxygen gas and supercarburetted hydrogen. Without the aid of either lime, magnesia, or zircon pencils. The difficulty of using those pencils having hitherto proved the great objection to the Drummond light, M. Tessié du Motay naturally supposes that, when they are superseded by the process of carburization, its speedy adoption everywhere is a matter of certainty. The great recommendation of this light is its brilliancy and cheapness, the cost being only two centimes for burning five hours, or at the rate of three cents per week, for burning five hours each of the seven nights.

A safety-buoy, covered with a preparation of phosphoret of calcium, invented by M. Ferdinand Silas, archivist of the French embassy at Vienna, was tested recently at Toulon, and proved to be a great success. On falling into the sea, the new buoy becomes perfectly luminous, and the more it is wetted, the brighter becomes its brilliancy. This saving light lasts for one hour in the water, without losing the slightest degree of its intensity. The man in danger of his life has ample time to cling to the buoy, to which the light instinctively guides him, while those in search of him can at once discover and rescue him. The result of the trial made was considered so satisfactory that the government ordered a supply of the apparatus to be placed on board every vessel of the imperial navy.

A case of spontaneous human combustion, it is said, occurred in Paris on the 1st of August, 1869, details of which were recently communicated to the Medico-chirurgical Society by Dr. Bertholle. The victim was a woman, aged thirty-seven, who had been much addicted to drinking brandy and absinthe. No flame issued from her body, which was completely charred, and no trace of fire was visible in the house, although she partly lay in bed, in contact with the bed-hangings, coverlets, and other articles, easily ignited.

"We are informed," says *Nature*, "that her Majesty's Government has determined to issue a royal commission to inquire into the present state of science in England. This step will be hailed with the liveliest satisfaction on all sides, and much good will certainly follow from such an inquiry, especially at a time when the arrangements for the prosecution of science in this country are acknowledged on all hands not only to be 'chaotic,' but positively detrimental to the national interest. We learn that some of the commissioners have already been designated, but, as their number is not yet complete, we withhold the names."

The new system of transmission of time submitted to the municipal council of the little city of Lecce, in the old kingdom of Naples, by Professor Candido, has been adopted and successfully carried out. Electric clocks have been established in the different centres of the town, and their striking-apparatus put in connection with all the large church-bells by a highly-ingenuous mechanism. The consequence is, that the absolute unification of the hour is attained and made known, to the advantage of the best interests of the community.

A new kind of electric magic-lantern has recently been constructed by Mr. Ladd, of London, which shows not only the optical images, but also the spectrums given by the different metals placed in the electric arc. The apparatus contains two bisulphuret-of-carbon prisms, and an arrangement of lenses, which enables the operator to use it both as a magic and spectroscopic lantern. In all likelihood it will be generally used to illustrate public lectures.

The study of the ancient monuments of Egypt has put M. Lenormand in possession of a highly-interesting fact. The learned author, from personal observation of the monuments, and the perusal of positive documents, has discovered that, during the period of the Shepherd-kings of Egypt, three different species of gazelles were reduced to a state of domesticity, and bred in herds. Later, the art of domesticating those animals was lost, and they have ever since existed in a wild state.

Miscellany.

Things in Rome, according to Garibaldi.

GARIBALDI'S "Rule of the Monk," which is one fierce and extravagant tirade against the priesthood, is almost too ridiculous for criticism. A fair impression of the general's opinions about Rome may be gathered from the following statements: Rome, as we know, is a city governed by priests. Now, the general "hates the priesthood as a lying and mischievous institution," though he is ready to welcome them to a nobler vocation when they have divested themselves of their "malignity and buffoonery." Meanwhile he regards them as "assassins of the soul," and therefore as more culpable than assassins of the body. A priest knows himself to be an impostor, unless he is a fool, and generally leads a life of the grossest sensuality, while deceiving the people into the belief that he is a virtuous ascetic. It is easy to imagine what a priest must be when exalted to positions of power. Let us take, for example, Cardinal Procopio, the pope's favorite. Procopio once upon a time deceived a beautiful girl, lodged her in his palace till the birth of a child, and then had the child murdered, and turned the mother out upon the world in a state of insanity. This was only one specimen of a long series of evil deeds. Finally, by acts of the basest treachery, he gets another still more beautiful girl into the same sink of iniquity, and at a critical moment, when she is struggling with him and two of his degraded myrmidons, three patriots, each of whom is also of exquisite beauty, incredible courage, and most unblamable character (qualities which belong to all true Italian patriots), surprise the villains, gag them, and save their victim. Next morning the Roman populace has the pleasant spectacle of the cardinal and his two minions dead and suspended by the neck from the windows of the palace. It is not often, however, that such condign punishment is inflicted upon evil-doers in high places. As a rule, they carry on their infernal tyranny with great satisfaction to themselves. They have servants—generally priests—who are ready to go about committing murder and other atrocities on the slightest hint of their superiors. Thus, for example, a widow is left dangerously ill with a princely fortune and a small boy. A priest is told off to frighten her with fears of hell, until she has left the whole of her property to the Church. Unluckily, she shows symptoms of returning health. The priest accordingly goes to her house, and, assisted by a nun whom he has sent to her as a nurse, opens her mouth, pours a deadly fluid down her throat, and lets her head fall heavily back on the pillows, while a complacent smile spreads itself over his diabolical features, as, after one gasp, her jaw falls. The priests, moreover, have chambers of torture in their palaces, of which they know how to make good use either upon patriots, or, in case of need, upon their own wretched servants. "Bring the girl to me," exclaims Procopio to his menial, "or the palace-cellars shall hear thee squeak thy self-praise to

the tune of the cord or the pincers;" and we are assured that this was no vain threat, but that, incredible as it may appear to outsiders, tortures too horrible to describe take place daily in the Rome of the present day. In fact, on another occasion, a wretched sergeant who connives at the escape of a patriot is reduced to a "shapeless mass" for this concession to humanity. Yet the atrocities committed by the cardinals seem to be nothing as compared to the hideous scenes which take place in convents. The general assures us that, having examined the convents in 1849, he found "in all, without an exception, instruments of torture; and in all, without an exception, were vaults plainly dedicated to the reception of bones of infants." Indeed, a certain hero, on one occasion, forces his way into a nunnery by an ingenious stratagem, and compels the superior by threats of instant death to guide him to a prison in which his mistress is confined. The superior manages to give him the slip; but he descends through mysterious passages, with trap-doors and false walls, until at length, guided partly by a most offensive smell, he finds his way into a chamber of horrors. Here, against the wall, "hung several human beings, suspended by the neck, the waist, and the arms, all but one dead, and more or less decomposed. The solitary exception was a young man, once of a fine form, but now an emaciated phantom." The young man is fixed to the wall by massive chains, and, when his deliverer looks round for means of breaking them, he finds nothing but horrible instruments of torture, which priests weakly describe as instruments for "the mortification of the flesh." The young man is, of course, freed, and relates a hideous story of moral corruption, the main point being that the superior had consigned him to this dungeon out of jealousy of his attentions to her younger companions.

Parisian Fencing.

A distinguished member of the French Academy asserts that fencing, like conversation, is a national art with his countrymen. It is certain that the sword is, and always has been, the favorite weapon of the French gentleman; there was an evident vanity in the wearing of it in the old days, and the giving it up as a personal ornament must be one of the gravest indictments of the *ancienne noblesse* against the Revolution. So it is that fencing-masters flourish, and become artists, and are the companions of aristocrats, and that fencing-schools are institutions as inseparable from Paris as incendiary editorials and revengeful journalists. There are few places which would afford more amusement to the thinking foreigner who prefers to study men rather than stone, and qualities rather than peristyles, than the Paris fencing-schools. Here you meet the men of fashion, the men of the boulevard, downy-lipped aspirants for army-commissions, students from the Latin quarter—but, above all, ambitious journalists. Access as a spectator is easily obtained, and you may go far and hunt a great deal before finding an exhibition which lets you so much into French characteristics. There are many fencing-schools of all grades of fame, price, and accommodation. There are little rooms in darksome quarters, where you may learn, after a fashion, for a trifling fee; and there are spacious, elegant saloons, kept by celebrated masters of the art, where the prices are high. These saloons are decorated in a fashion appropriate to their use. They have suits of armor along the walls, elaborate collections of rapiers, swords, and sabres, crossed athwart each other, pictures of tournaments, duels, and battles. But curious above all are the specimens of human nature which you see there. A fencing-saloon is a little theatre where there are quite as many originals as in the best of Sardou's comedies. The *maîtres d'armes*, the awe of youthful beginners, and the admiration of the aptest of their scholars, betray in every look and motion their pride and conceit in their art, and seem to exhibit a sort of independence and bluntness, arising from a consciousness that they can maintain their ground against all comers. They are the champion-knights of the modern chivalry, and stride about their domain with much the same *hauteur* of physical prowess which the knights of old used to show. Still, their *amour-propre* is not unamiable; they are burly, gay, "good fellows and brave fellows," devoted heart and soul to their pupils, and especially proud of those who have pinked their man in the wood of Vincennes. The art of fencing, as it is in France, has its antagonistic schools, as well as the arts of painting and letters. Those who practise the art as it was practised half a century ago are called the "old school;" those who follow the system of the "reformers" of fencing—Roussel and Lozé—pride themselves on being the "new school." The "old school" of fencing was in harmony with the old manners, the old order of society and *régime*. Elegance and grace were its requirements and characteristics. It was an ornamental and polite art. Did your life hang in the balance, you must not be awkward. A fencer could not formerly run in attacking, nor draw back the hand in thrusting, nor stoop, nor bend over, nor engage body with body, nor "take a stroke in rest." That is, in the time of the "old school," it was in verity an art, having as its object the harmonious and elegant. The "new school" is a science, aiming rather to produce a practical effect than an artistic one. To hit is its great purpose. The means were all in all in the old; they are insignificant in the new. The new proposes a real combat

rather than a gentlemanly exhibition, and even uncouthness is not tabooed. It permits lying down, putting the head behind the knee, thumping or pounding with the sword, taking aim at the belly, giving strokes beneath; it reduces the whole art to one sole quality—quickness. The "old school" is still professed by many distinguished amateurs of fencing, and still holds its own as the most aristocratic and "gentlemanly" method. The "new school" is resorted to by "young France," and by the journalistic duellist, who usually either means, or would have it appear that he means, serious business.

The Hindoo Drama.

The Hindoo drama was opened to Europeans, nearly a century ago, by Sir William Jones's translation of its masterpiece, "Sakuntala," of which Goethe expressed the highest admiration. In 1827, Professor Wilson published "Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindoos," whose first play, the celebrated "Toy-cart," affords some indications whereby to estimate the date of the golden age of the Indian drama. Buddhism still exists among the characters of the piece, but has lost its ascendancy, and Siva is the chief object of worship. These and other signs are believed to point to the fourth century of our era for the date of the dramas in question; while Kalidasa, the greatest of the succeeding Sanscrit dramatic poets, is held to have flourished about A. D. 500.

Hindoo dramas are neither tragedies nor comedies. The grave and the gay mingle in turn; but none of them end in death, either on the stage or behind the scenes; and Eastern decorum shows itself in the prohibition of eating, kissing, or sleeping, before the public. They are, in short, very much what they call themselves—"poems which can be seen." Stage-scenery there seems to be none. The acts of the drama might not be less than five, nor more than ten. Intervals too long to be imagined in the acts were understood to take place between them. Men and gods were made to speak Sanscrit; women and slaves spoke Prakrit, a language bearing to Sanscrit the relation of Italian to Latin. Married women having passed the age of beauty being in Hindoo imagination mere cumberers of the ground, cultivated *ketaria* appeared in India as in Greece, and the "Toy-cart" presents us with its Aspasia. There are certain conventional characters on the Hindoo as on the classic and romantic stage—among them, the *Vita*, or parasite, and the *Vidushaka*, or buffoon. The number of existing Hindoo dramas is now small; whether many have perished or few were ever composed, is unknown. The "Toy-cart" is by an unknown author. Three dramas are attributed to Kalidasa, and three more to another admired poet, Bhavabhuti. "Sakuntala" appears to be recognized as the most beautiful; but in it, as in all the rest, the use of supernatural machinery is so exorbitant, that, to confess the truth, we find it hard for the slow Western imagination to keep sufficient pace with its transitions to permit of much interest in its plot. Several centuries later than the age of Kalidasa was written another Indian drama of an entirely different description. Its author was a poet named Krishna Misra, supposed to have lived in the twelfth century A. D., and the object of this work was the establishment of Vedanta doctrine. It is, in fact, a religious allegory, as complete as the "Holy War" or "Pilgrim's Progress," and its name signifies "The Rising of the Moon of Awakened Intellect," and the *dramatis personae* are Delusion, the king, with his subjects Love, Anger, Avarice, etc., and his allies Hypocrisy, Self-importance, and Materialism, and on the opposite side Reason with an army of Virtues. The struggle between the rival forces is sharp; but finally Tranquillity enables Reason to harmonize with Revelation, and thereupon the Moon of Awakened Intellect arises and shines.

Women in India.

The condition of women in India seems to have constantly deteriorated since the Vedic ages. At the time of the "Institutes of Menu," it had reached a stage of absolute *subjection*, but had yet something worse to fall to, the *abjection* of the modern practice of incarceration for life, and death by suttee. "Day and night," say the "Institutes," "must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence. Their fathers protect them in childhood, their husbands in youth, their sons in age. A woman is never fit for independence. . . . Women have no business with the texts of the Vedas. Having, therefore, no evidence of law and no knowledge of expiating tests, sinful women must be as foul as falsehood itself. . . . She who keeps in subjection to her lord her heart, her speech, and her body, shall attain his mansion in heaven. . . . Even if a husband be devoid of good qualities, or enamoured of another woman, yet must he be constantly revered as a god by a virtuous wife." The code does not hint at the practice of widow-burning; but, from making the position of single women and widows absolutely unbearable, the ground was laid for the two great crimes of later ages against women—viz., infanticide and suttee. The stupendous selfishness of men, who were not content with reducing a woman body and soul to the adoring and unreasoning dependence of a dog during the life of her husband, but required her after his death to "emancipate her

body, live on flowers, and perform harsh duties till death," led to these not unnatural results. They were the most merciful mothers who put their female children out of a world which offered them no mercy, and perhaps not the most unmerciful Bramins who urged the widows to terminate their miseries on the funeral-pile. At the present day in India it is an ordinary thing for a lady to be born in the up-stairs zenana, and never once to have trodden the earth, even of the most confined garden, before she is borne to her grave. What existence must be among a knot of women thus immured together, with nothing but their loves and hatreds and jealousies to brood upon, is awful and piteous to think of. That the whole population should be physically and morally weak, when their mothers have undergone for centuries such a *régime*, is no more than inevitable. The Hindoos have spoiled the lives of their wives and daughters, and Nemesis has spoiled theirs, and made them the easy prey of their Saxon conquerors, whose ancestors were naked savages when they were a splendid and cultured race, but whose women, even in those old days of Tacitus, were "thought to have in them somewhat of the divinity." The marvel is not that Hindoos are what we find them, but that any race can have survived so long such a monstrous infraction of natural laws. Most marvellous of all is it that Hindoo women with the "set of their brains," as we should think, turned to idiocy through centuries of caged-up mothers, yet display, when rare occasions offer, no mean degree of some of the higher forms of human intelligence. At this moment the Bramins are congratulating themselves on the appearance of a Bengalee poetess, who composes beautiful hymns suitable for theistic worship; and Mr. Mill has borne testimony to his official experience in India of the extraordinary aptitude for government of such Hindoo princesses as have ruled as regents for their sons.

Violets.

In the season of the violet, which now delights the eye with its delicate beauty, and fills the air with its fragrance, the following description of it, with some hints for its culture and preservation, will not, we think, prove unacceptable to a portion of our fair readers: Of this delicious little flower, which is a universal favorite, the *odorata* and its varieties are most valued; but they cannot be had in perfection, unless great care is bestowed upon them. Slugs are destructive to the violet, devouring the flowers as much before as after they bloom. When the flowers are grown in or near cities, beds are made on purpose for them, composed of a layer of coal-ashes in the bottom, covered with a compost of peat-earth, loam, decayed dressing from the stable, and sand, ten inches thick. On this young runners are to be planted, six inches apart, and carefully attended to. The sweet-scented violet should not be wanting in any collection of plants, on account of its fragrance and early appearance. A single flower will perfume a large room. The flowers appear in early spring, and continue for a considerable length of time. There are the single white and single blue, and the double blue and white. The double varieties are deemed the most desirable, and may be rapidly multiplied by divisions of the plants.

New Highway in Asia Minor.

A new highway is being constructed between Erzeroum and Bayboud, which, it is hoped, will greatly aid in developing the internal resources of the Turkish empire. It follows the Euphrates in its course as far as Ach Ralé, then cuts across the country, following the Valley of Kop to Pina Gaban, and afterward goes straight up the mountain-side. Surmounting the sinuosities of the shoulder of Kop, it reaches Kop Khan, crosses at several points the river Kop Son, and then forms a junction with the old road between Maden Khan and Bayboud. In 1869, six *khans*, or places of refuge, five large and four hundred small bridges, were constructed along the route, of which more than fifty miles are finished. The entire length of the way will not, probably, be open for traffic before the end of next year. This undertaking is remarkable as being the most arduous that the Turkish Government has imposed upon itself for many generations, and may possibly be a proof of the Turkish people awakening to the true sense of their duty, interest, and responsibilities.

Improvements in Paris.

Great changes are being effected in the oldest quarter of Paris, situated upon the island of La Cité, the ancient Lutetia of the Gauls, which at one time pretended to be *non urbs, sed orbis*. A magnificent hospital, the new Hôtel Dieu, is rapidly approaching completion, and will, it is supposed, be the finest building of the kind in the world. Preparations are making to take down the old and somewhat unsightly range of buildings of the old Hôtel Dieu, to the west and southwest of the portico of Notre-Dame, which will then be one of the finest places in the capital. This place will be bounded on the east by the splendid front and doorway of the cathedral; on the west, by the Rue de la Cité and the handsome barracks of the Guards of Paris; on the south, by the canalized arm of the Seine called Saint-Michel, which flows through the island; and on the north, by the imposing line of buildings of the new

Hôtel Dieu. Splendid ranges of houses are being run up on its eastern side along the Boulevard du Palais—likewise along the Quay of Palu Market and the Rue d'Arcole. The Quay of the Archbishopric (de l'Archevêché), shut up for the last thirty years on account of the restoration of Notre-Dame, will soon be opened to the public. The north front of the Palais de Justice, between the turrets and the Court of Appeal (Cours de Cassation) is also approaching completion. By the end of the present year the physiognomy of the old Latin city will be so thoroughly changed as to be scarcely recognizable.

Varieties.

WHAT a million is worth in some minds may be judged from these two *bon-mots*, which have just come to light. Hope, the celebrated London banker, who was suffering from an inexorable malady which prevented him from eating, seeing a friend at work upon a chop, exclaimed with accents of emotion, stopping his friend's hand as it was conveying a piece of chop on a fork to his mouth, "Cherished friend, I would give a million to be able to eat that chop as thou art doing!" And M. Nathan Rothschild, who was paralyzed, on hearing of the accident to his brother by a fall from his horse, exclaimed: "Ah! how happy he must be to be able to get on horseback at the risk even of breaking his neck by a fall! I would give a million to be able to risk as much!"

The quantity of gold produced in Nova Scotia from the date of the first discovery of the precious metal to the end of 1868, a period of eight years, amounts to one hundred and sixty thousand ounces. The best year was 1867, when the yield amounted to nearly thirty thousand ounces.

In the last *Blackwood*, "Cornelius O'Dowd" tells the following story: "There was once on a time a grand jury in a western county of Ireland—Mr. Justice Keogh can correct me if I be wrong in calling it Clare—who, having occasion to make a presentment for the erection of a new county jail, accompanied their vote with the recommendation 'that the materials of the old jail should be used in the construction of the new, but that the old building was to stand, and be used for the confinement of prisoners till the new jail should be ready for their reception.'"

Whitefield produced great effect upon his hearers on one occasion, by an illustration which appealed to the eye as well as to the ear. "You seem to think salvation an easy matter. Oh! just as easy as for me to catch that insect passing by me." He made a grasp at a fly, real or imaginary. Then he paused a moment, and opened his hand—"I have missed it!"

Henry Bessemer, the inventor of the steel process, has patented a plan for the prevention of sea-sickness. By the application of the principle upon which a ship's compasses are suspended, he provides a room which will be perfectly free from the rolling or pitching motion of the vessel. A working model, which has been already constructed, shows the simplicity and efficacy of the plan.

Perhaps the most perfect bull of its kind is that recorded of Madame Talleyrand. "Ah! I am so glad," exclaimed the lady, one day at table, "that I don't like spinach." "Why are you glad of it?" good-naturedly asked Talleyrand. "Because, don't you see," the lady replied, "if I liked spinach, then I should eat it, and I hate it!"

The first line of a hymn given out at a prayer-meeting so excited the curiosity of a little girl that on returning home she asked for an explanation; the line as she heard it was:

Mike Rimes a bird and long has been."

A patient ingenuity and an old hymn-book solved the mystery. The original of the above translation was:

"My crimes a burden long has been."

A Minnesota paper has introduced a new feature, it being a report from two prominent physicians of its town of the condition of their patients, their names, diseases, etc. All are reported to be "improving," "convalescing," "convalescent," "gaining," "doing well," or "getting better."

School-boys in Nevada dig holes about their playground fifteen feet deep, by way of practice in the profession of their fathers. The other day two of them struck a ledge of gold-bearing quartz, and immediately a thousand feet of claims were "located" right through the school-house.

At the British Museum, Harduppe, being informed by one of the courteous officials at the Museum that the carvings representing a serpent with its tail in its mouth were intended for emblems of eternity, answered, "Yes! it represented the ceaseless struggle to make both ends meet!"

If the queen contemplates the bestowal of a title upon Mr. Dickens, the following are submitted for her consideration: Sir Charles Dickens, of Gads Hill, Baron Boffin, Earl of Higham and Rochester, Count Skimpole, Marquis Micawber, Duke of Dorrit, and Prince Pickwick.

A Russian poet has not only been able to dedicate a volume of verse to his mistress, but to furnish the binding from his own person. Having had a leg amputated, he devoted the epidermis to the embellishment of his rhymes.

Petrusset, the lion-killer, a giant in form and strength, is one of the curiosities of Paris. He has a chamber carpeted with the skins of lions slain in Algeria, and gives *recherché* dinners therein. His gun can hardly be lifted by an ordinary man.

A clergyman remarked over the grave of a tricky politician, who was never known to do any thing without some sinister purpose, that it "would be a great consolation to his friends if they could have ascertained his motive in thus suddenly leaving them."

The chaplain of the California State Senate, in the course of a recent morning prayer, expatiated on the beauty of some national flags manufactured out of California silk, which were on exhibition in the State House.

Gas-pipes are now joined in England by making the end on one side conical, and the bore on the other of the same shape to receive it. No cement is used, and the percentage of leakage is found to be reduced.

Mr. Seward stopped at only four public houses during his entire route through California, Alaska, Mexico, and the West Indies, to New York.

A man named Hawk was arrested the other day in Harrisburg for stealing pigeons. There is something in a name, after all.

An English sportsman lately killed no fewer than sixty-five geese with two shots, and sold his game in London for forty dollars.

Louisa Muhlbach has returned to novel-writing, and has made Victor Hugo a hero.

An Irish printer, hunting up a missing theatrical advertisement, said he was "looking for the lost play-ad."

German newspapers say that emigration from that country to America will be larger this year than ever before.

The Indian custom of "lifting hair" is an unpopular form of barbarism.

Massachusetts has one hundred and seventy-nine Unitarian congregations. No other State but New York has over twenty.

The strongest newspaper articles yet written against the women suffrage movement are said to be from the pens of women.

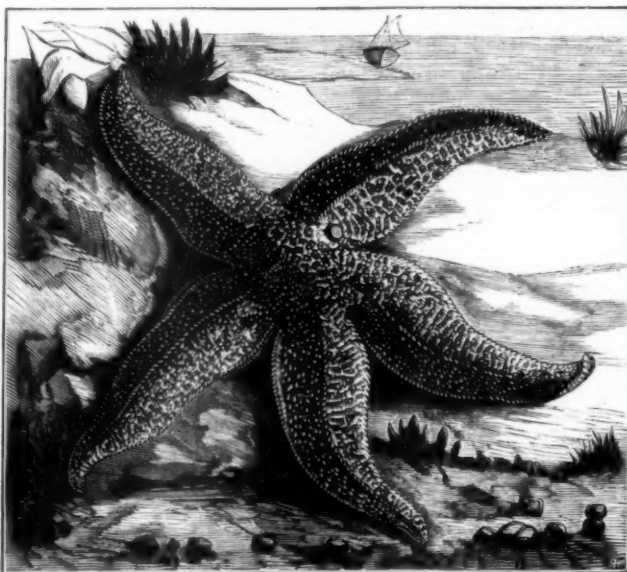
If postage is reduced to one cent, there will be two sent where there is one sent now.

The Museum.

ASTERIAS, or Star-fishes, are so regular and geometrical in their form, that they have more the appearance of being the production of man's hand than of a creation which breathes and moves. The divine geometrician who created them never realized a creature more regularly finished in shape, or more perfectly harmonious in symmetry. The star-fish has five perfectly equal arms, but this number is not constant; it varies with different genera, species, and even with individuals. The connection of the arms with the disk presents equally remarkable differences. In the genus *Culcita*, the disk is so much developed that it constitutes, so to speak, the entire animal, while the arms form only a slight protuberance upon its circumference. In the genera *Luidia*, on the contrary, the disk is reduced to minimum, while the arms are of great length and very slender. The colors of the star-fish vary greatly, from a yellowish-gray, a yellow-orange, a garnet-red, to a dark violet. It is exclusively and essentially a being of the sea, never being seen in fresh water. It dwells among the submarine herbage, seeking for sandy coasts, and is generally found at moderate depths, but there are some species which are found at the great depth of a hundred and fifty fathoms. The star-fishes are met with in almost every sea and under all latitudes, but they are most numerous and their forms are more richly varied in the seas of tropical regions. There are about one hundred and forty species described.

The body of the asteria is supported by a calcareous envelope composed of juxtaposed pieces at once various and numerous. The number of these pieces is estimated at more than eleven thousand in the red star-fish (*Asterias rubens*), which we illustrate, a species very common in Europe. The body is likewise furnished with spines, granules, and tubercles, the shape, number, and disposition of which serve to characterize the genera and the species. When we see one of these animals

stranded upon the shore, it appears to be entirely destitute of all power of progression. But the star-fish is not always immovable; it is provided with an apparatus for locomotion, which appears to serve at the same time the purposes of respiration; for Nature is very economical in her gifts to the least-organized beings; she bestows upon them feet, with respiratory organs, or lungs, which have the power of locomotion. Its feet are muscular, fleshy cylinders, hollow in the centre, and very extensible; by means of them the animal draws itself forward. It first extends a few of its feet, attaches its suckers to the rocks or stones, then, by shortening its feet, it draws its body forward. The progression is thus very slow, and so regular that only the closest observation enables the spectator to discover the movement which produces it. Like the movements of the hands of a watch, the eye cannot quite follow it. When an obstacle presents itself—if, for example, a stone comes in its way—it raises one of the rays in order to obtain a point of support, then a second ray, and if necessary a third, and thus the animal creeps over the stone with as much ease as if it walked over the smooth sands. In the same way it creeps up perpendicular rocks.



Star-fish.

The star-fish is very voracious, and is a terrible foe to the mollusks. Although its body is so soft, and it is destitute of any jaws or levers, such as are employed by other mollusk-eating inhabitants of the sea, it can devour even the tightly-shut bivalves, however firmly they may close their valves.

On looking at a star-fish, it will be seen that its mouth is in the very centre of the rays, and it is through that simple-looking mouth that the star-fish is able to draw its sustenance. Even if it should come upon a mollusk which, like the oyster, is firmly attached to some object, it is by no means disconcerted, but immediately proceeds to action. Its first process is to lie upon its prey, folding its arms over it so as to hold itself in the right position. It then applies the mouth closely to the victim, and deliberately begins to push out its stomach through the mouth, and wraps the mollusk in the folds of that organ. Some naturalists think that the star-fish has the power of secreting some fluid which is applied to the shell, and causes the bivalve to unclosed itself. But whether this be the case

or not, patience will always do her work, and in time the hapless mollusk surrenders itself to the devourer. In the case of smaller prey, the creature is taken wholly into the mouth, and there digested.

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A TIMELY WORD TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The opening of Spring is regarded all over the land as the signal for house-cleaning operations, and this duty is generally a very perplexing and unpleasant one. If there is any season of the year when the temper and patience of the entire household—family and servants—are put to a severe test, it is in the spring-time, when the whole house, from top to bottom, has to be

RENOVATED, CLEANSED, AND SCOURED.

We are confident all housekeepers will gladly accept and adopt every means promising relief under these trying circumstances. The discovery of a new agent, to save the hard work of brush-scrubbing, and reduce the perplexities of house-cleaning to a simple and pleasant operation, has long been a desideratum.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS' SAPOLIO

Has completely and fully supplied this want, and the spring house-cleaning for 1870 will afford a pleasant and joyful contrast to the similar work of former years. Only a few months have elapsed since the manufacture of SAPOLIO began, and already it has become a favorite substitute for any and all other cleansing compounds.

No other article for cleansing purposes will accomplish the desired end so easily, rapidly, and cheaply, as SAPOLIO. By its use,

THE WORK OF DAYS IS REDUCED TO AS MANY HOURS,

And domestic clouds give way to warm and happy sunshine. The readers of APPLETONS' JOURNAL—the ladies, especially—will not fail to appreciate the force of this reasoning. The fame and popularity of Enoch Morgan's Sons' Sapolio have for years been known throughout the civilized world, and SAPOLIO bids fair to rival every other branch of their trade.

CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW NOVEL, THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The first part of Mr. Dickens's new novel appeared in England on March 31st. This novel is to be issued abroad in monthly numbers, and, instead of dividing the parts into several weekly instalments, we shall publish each monthly number COMPLETE in one issue of the Journal, printing it as a SUPPLEMENT. It is our expectation to be able to issue the first part in a supplement with our next number.

It will be seen that Mr. Dickens's novel, by this plan, is offered to our subscribers as a GRATUITÉ; it will not abridge the usual variety of our numbers, and will come in addition to those very entertaining novels, "Ralph the Heir," "The Lady of the Ice," and "The Three Brothers," which we are now publishing.

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